

Sports Illustrated

MAY 30, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

BATTLE ROYAL IN THE EAST

Big Gun
Dave Parker



Ford Pinto. Traditionally the best-selling small car in America.

(wheelbase under 100 inches)



FORD PINTO

FORD DIVISION



Ford Pinto 3-Door Runabout

Check the facts:

1. Low price plus... Pinto starts out with a low price. But that low price includes a powerful cast-iron engine for climbing steep hills, passing quickly, and entering highways confidently. Pinto also has a wide track to help give it a comfortable, stable ride. And every Pinto has a sporty suspension system and rack-and-pinion steering for precise, responsive handling.

2. Excellent mileage.

39 mpg
highway

27 mpg
city

EPA estimates: 1977 2-Door engine: manual transmission 2.3L 4-cyl. without air conditioning, power windows, power brakes. Your actual mileage may vary depending on your car's condition, optional equipment, and how and where you drive. California and high altitude ratings lower.

3. Scheduled maintenance reduced

\$353.

- Over the past four years, more than 75% of the scheduled maintenance requirements on Pinto's 4-cylinder engine have been reduced or eliminated. That's an estimated reduction in costs of \$353.
- So today, the base Pinto's average scheduled service is estimated at only \$186 for the first 50,000 miles.

Based on Ford's Service Labor Time Standards Manual at \$13.50 labor rate, and suggested retail parts prices in effect 5/31/78.

4. High resale value.

Pinto consistently has high resale value. Compare Pinto's resale prices to Vega's, for example:

Used Car Retail Prices, April 1977

MODEL YEAR	VEGA	PINTO	Pinto Advantage
1973	\$1,167	\$1,519	\$352
1974	\$1,489	\$1,814	\$325
1975	\$1,839	\$2,217	\$378

Source: National Average N.A.D.A. Used Car Guide

It's easy to see why most small cars have a tough time beating Pinto's built-in and lasting value.

And more...

- Durable and reliable 2.3 liter cast-iron engine.
- Roomy, comfortable interior.
- Exciting options.
- Rugged unit-body construction.
- The best rust and corrosion protection system in Pinto's history.
- More than 5,500 Ford Dealers.



3-Door Runabout with new all-glass third door and flip-up removable roof options



When America needs a better idea, Ford puts it on wheels.

We've just made the super-fast Yashica FR even faster.



If you're looking for a rugged, full-featured SLR with an action power winder, the Yashica FR, was made for you. It shoots photo sequences at least 20% faster than its competitors' fastest winders.

That's because the FR has an advanced electromagnetic release system, the most responsive system available. A unique focal plane shutter that assures

shutter-speed accuracy by avoiding the "inertia lag" found in conventional designs. And because the Yashica FR's winder is powered with 6 batteries, not four, you get power-to-spare for constant high speed power shooting at up to 2.5 shots per second.

And that's just the beginning. The Yashica FR's full information viewfinder, with bright, easy-to-read LED's tells everything you need to know, at a glance. Add all-metal construction to the Yashica FR's compact

design, and you have one of the fastest handling, most rugged cameras.

And lenses? 34 in all, including the super-sharp Yashica Multi-coated lenses, and the legendary Carl Zeiss T-Star (T*) lenses, which are available only on Contax/Yashica cameras. Choose from a full complement

of innovative accessories like electric cable switches, a remote control Infrared phaser that triggers the FR with an invisible beam of light, and an automatic bellows. You'll see why the Yashica FR is one of the most advanced systems

cameras ever made, offering advantages that no other camera system has. And now we've gone even further to make the Yashica FR a super-speedster.

We've added a new, electrically linked pro-grip that makes the super-fast Yashica FR even faster. Both for handling and for shooting.

The action-packed Yashica FR. See it in action at your Yashica dealer.



FREE With the
Purchase of
a Yashica FR
and Action Winder



Just send us this coupon along with the Yashica FR warranty card that comes with every Yashica FR and winder and we'll send you the \$55 professional grip FREE! Offer expires August 31, 1977.

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Address _____

City _____

Yashica FR Serial No _____

Need more information first?

Just send in this coupon and we'll send you more information on the

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State _____

Zip _____

Winder No _____

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Steel Belted Radial.*

Dunlop wants drivers who have a feeling for their cars. A touch on the wheel. Know the limits of adhesion. May occasionally be accused of being in love with their machine.

You feel most natural with your arms stretched out, hands on your steering wheel. You're positive when you reach for the shifter.

For you, performance counts. Like getting away when you put your foot in it. Or out on the edge where you have to be sure.

You're the Qualifier! You respond to the names of the big hot shoes who drive professionally in all types of competition.

You want your tires to tell the world what they are. With big raised white letters. Bold, aggressive tread.

For you, Dunlop developed the G/T Qualifier steel belted radials. Available now in both 60 and 70 Series profiles. At your Dunlop Tire Pros.

*The front running
G/T Qualifier 70 Series
Steel Belted Radial.*



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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Warren Bolster, whose surfing photo essay begins on page 32 of this issue, got hooked on the sport in 1963, as a 16-year-old living in Sydney, Australia, where his father was the U.S. Consul General. Nine years later he was a 25-year-old college dropout and surfing bum, married and living in San Diego. His father asked him what he was going to do when he grew up. "Give up surfing," said Bolster. "And take pictures of it." The reply was by way of a request for a Pentax. "Just buy me this camera and I'll never ask you for another present as long as I live," Bolster told his parents.

They obliged. He bought himself a cheap water housing for the Pentax and paddled off into the ocean to photograph surfers. One of the shots from his first roll of film became a cover for *Surfing* magazine. This auspicious de-

butch, but surfboards and rafts are too much at the mercy of waves, so Bolster swims. By so doing he gets virtually underneath the surfer and can use a wide-angle instead of a telephoto lens.

"I pride myself that I probably get closer to the action than any other surfing photographer," Bolster says. "Unless I can get really close, it's not interesting for me. Of course, I get hit by surfboards all the time, but in order to get the good shots you've got to go to extremes. Fortunately I've never been hurt very bad."

There is at least one picture in this issue that demonstrates his point—the wave-enclosed Coronado sunset. Bolster lives almost an hour's drive from Coronado, which is separated from San Diego by a toll bridge. "I used three books of tickets, 20 tickets to a book, in trips back and forth to get that shot,"

he says. "You have to play the variables. It's a game, a hunt. There are only a few places in California where you can see the sun setting inside a wave, and then for only a couple months a year. It has to be the right kind of sunset, and the waves have to cooperate. There has to be an off-shore wind, which is rare. Then you wait for an hour, treading water in the low 50s, and you have only a few good minutes to shoot. If you're a split second slow, you may blow it."

Bolster didn't blow it, but this sort of success no longer satisfies him. "I'm too much a specialist," he says, irrefutably. "I want to make the break out of surfing photography. I'd like any kind of action now."

He has the eye and instinct. The switch should not be too difficult if he maintains the dedication he has shown toward surfers, the sea and the sun.



WATER HOUSINGS LET BOLSTER SHOOT FROM BELOW

but led to a job as staff photographer there in 1973. Now he is associate editor of *Surfer*, as well as editor of *Skateboarder*, a sister publication.

There are no more than half a dozen expert surfing photographers in the country, and Bolster is considered by many to be the best of them. Most work from rafts or surfboards, or even the

Jack Meyer

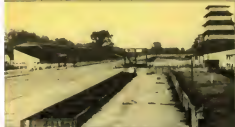


The Indy 500

The following 32 page advertising section contains photographs, information and anecdotes about the men and the machines that are indelibly woven into the fabric of the Indianapolis "500."



Carl G. Fisher inspecting Speedway track under construction in 1909
Speedway in 1946 when purchased by Aron Hansen



"You're probably going to see the first 200-mile-an-hour lap this year," Al Bloemker said as he pushed his luncheon plate away and turned his coffee cup right-side up.

And everybody at the table in the Speedway Motel dining room nodded in agreement. You see, Bloemker has guided the public relations program at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway for more years than anybody can remember, and when he speaks people listen.

"The entire track has been resurfaced. That's the first time we've ever done the whole track at once. That's going to add two or three miles an hour right there," he said. "And the cars can run the race without restricting the amount of turbocharger boost. There's another two or three miles. And there are all the new cars—we'll probably have as many as 18 of them—so, you're going to see a whale of a race."

Indy fans are among the best informed about their show of any group of fans throughout the world.

If you can answer these ten questions, you can consider yourself an "Indy Expert." If you can't then refer to the answers on Page 30, and don't tell anyone.

1. Why is the race 500 miles long?
2. Why was the track built in Indianapolis?
3. Who was the first person to break 100-mph average in the race?
4. What was the longest time it took a driver to complete the 500 miles?
5. What is the most number of times a driver has won the 500?

6. What was the greatest come-from-behind-to-win feat?

7. Choose One

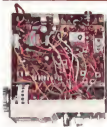
- A. What was the smallest amount ever paid (a) winning driver (b) any driver?
- B. Who was the (a) oldest (b) youngest driver to win the 500?

8. Why do they only start a maximum of 33 cars?
9. Who holds the record among drivers for consuming the most champagne during a race?
10. Who was the last foreign-born winner?



Royce CB is built to take it.

We put a Royce CB in a paint shaker and it took it.



The typical CB. A mass of wires. Old-fashioned methods of soldering and assembly, tuning and testing.



The advanced Royce CB. Exclusive modular construction. Fewer wires. And the quality of automated assembly and computer tuning.

Here's Why: Precision, simplicity, and exclusive modular design. That's the Royce difference. And that's why the Royce CB is tough enough to take the circuit-jarring torture of a paint shaker.

When you've got a 40-channel Royce CB, you've got quality in a lot of different ways. Like exclusive modular circuit design. The simplicity of fewer wires. The strength of automatic soldering. The precision of automated assembly. And the quality consistency of computer tuning.

Put it together and you've got one tough CB radio. The 40-channel Royce CB radio. It's built to take it. And that's why

Everybody's talking 'bout Royce

Model 1777-40-100 1-1-1



Len Gossaby in 1912

"No doubt there will be more real race strategy this year than there has been for a long time. It'll be just like the old days."

Bloemker remembered the times when drivers and pit crews had constant worries about tires and shocks and a dozen other things that seldom plague them anymore. Tires can, and often do, go the entire 500 miles now, and as for parts like shocks and spark plugs and all the other things that can wear out, well, most of them are

trouble free. Some even go for a whole season.

The main thing that has worried everybody in the last few years is weather. Perhaps something has shifted around up in the ionosphere and the land south of the Wabash is just a little bit, well, monsoonal in late May. Three of the last four races have been shortened by rain and, in each race, there were cars holding back for the last laps, which never came. Before 1973 there had been but two races shortened by rain—1926 and 1950.

1971 winner Al Unser



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How do you compare Quality Inns with Holiday Inns? Very simply. **A better value.** Both the AAA TourBooks and the Mobil Travel Guides rate Quality as good as or better than Holiday in most places where we compete.

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Quality Inns are a matter of personal pride with the men and women who manage them, because most Quality Inns are owner-managed. And their staffs share a spirit of warm, friendly service.



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(In Nebraska: 800-642-8700) New numbers effective May 28, 1977



Ralph Mulford at the wheel in 1912



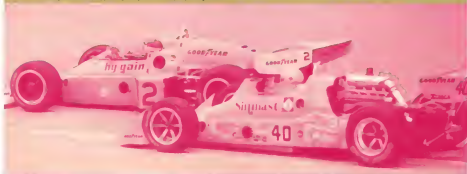
Chief mechanic George Bignotti

Johnny Rutherford (#2) passing Wally Dallenbach (#40) during 1976 race

"If the weather threatens, an owner with two cars would be a fool not to send one of them out there to run flat out early in the race, just in case of rain. He'll set him up for a short race. He can hold his other car back for the 500-mile run," Bloemker says. "And if, say, George Bignotti sends Wally Dallenbach out front early, how are A. J. Foyt and Johnny Rutherford going to react? It's gonna' be some race."

Removing the boost restrictions, which, in effect, means they can add more power, may contribute to earlier engine failure, so there will be a group of drivers hanging back and waiting for the "hot dogs" to ventilate their engines.

Then there's the fuel. They still must average 1.8 miles per gallon to get through 500 miles with their allotment of 280 gallons, so if it does not rain, the hard-chargers will have to slow down somewhere along the line. If the pit man has done his job, the driver should be completely out of fuel at the end of 500 miles. If there is one gallon left, his car has not been running as fast as it should.



New 3M plain paper copier does eight things most copiers can't.



1. High-quality plain paper copies. Even on your own letterhead. **2.** Copies on label stock for your monthly mailings. **3.** Full-size 10 1/2" x 14" copies of computer print-outs. **4.** Copies on paper offset masters for in-house printing. **5.** Crisp, clear copies of halftones from books and magazines. **6.** Copies on ledger stock or other thick papers. **7.** Paper-saving two-sided copies. **8.** Copies for overhead projection. **9.** Copies on colored paper

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1912 winner Jules Goux



"The race is building in stature, strategy and excitement," Bloemker says. "We had 29 veterans and 4 rookies last year, a field that had 198 Indy races among them. Do you know, we had 27 cars running at the end of the race? Even for a short race (102 laps), it's unbelievable."

One thing everybody agrees on is the equipment for this year's race. It is the best in years. The tremendous number of new cars for the top drivers has made the best equipment from last

year available to the next echelon of drivers, eliminating all of the slower cars. There will be no "junk" this year.

"The so called 'rich kids' have always been able to buy a car that could go half-a-mile faster," Bloemker says, "and this year there's a big crop to choose from. Lindsey Hopkins' race cars have been the 'hot set-up' for the past couple of years, and he built eight to sell, and McLaren, Bignotti, A. J. Watson, Foyt, Gurney and Parnelli Jones all have at least two new ones. And engines. There's

**Even when you're sweating from head to toe,
your feet will feel dry in Sportwick Socks.**



Car Shown Above B770 by Datsun

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A lot of sweat goes into winning a race. But you'll never feel it in our socks.

Because Sportwick Socks are knit with a patented process that directs the perspiration away from your feet and into the socks' outer layer. So Sportwick Socks never feel damp and clammy against your skin.

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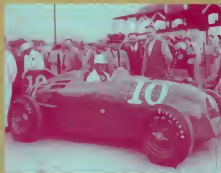
odor free. Wash after wash. Sportwick Socks by Interwoven. They won't hold perspiration against you.

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The way you see Sportwick[®]

not just the Drake-Offy, now there are four more—Cosworth V-8, Foyt (Ford) V-8, Crower V-4, and Drake-Goosen Sparks."

But race cars have always been like passenger cars in terms of obsolescence. After three or four years of a successful design, the car-builders and drivers and even fans feel they need a change, so off the designers go to the drafting table, and out pops the new models.

It has always been like this at Indianapolis, and many people are shocked when they learn that what they consider "new" ain't necessarily so. There were rear-engine cars in the 30s and front-wheel-drive and supercharged cars in the 20s. There were four-wheel-drive and two-cycle-engine cars in both the 20s and 30s. A six-wheeler in the 40s and a diesel introduced in 1950 that set lap records. Why, Paul Russo even drove a two-engine, four-wheel-drive car in 1946, and Bobby Jones rode in the side car of Smokey Yunick's racer in 1964, although it did not qualify for the 500.



Paul Russo in his twin engine car, 1946

Smokey Yunick's "side car" design racer, driven by Bobby Jones in 1964





Give your guests our best.

When you have guests over, you want to bring out your best. Like 12-year old Scotch and Sun Giant® Almonds. They're always crisp and crunchy and delicious. When you serve Sun Giant Almonds, you give your guests the best by serving our best.

A great number of cars were entered by the automobile companies themselves in the earliest days, but eventually they dropped out. The cubic-inch displacement of the engines had also decreased severely, from 600 cu. in. in 1911 to 91.5 cu. in. by the 14th Indy; but the winning average speed had risen from 74 mph to 95 mph, despite the smaller engine size.

It proves that regardless of what limitations have been placed on them, Indianapolis mechanics and car-builders have always been able to find more miles per hour, with or without factory help.

The 1977 race is no exception. It is the rule. The car builders and engine designers have simply done what their counterparts have been doing since the second Indianapolis 500—improving on last year's cars and making them go faster. And the drivers have simply gone out there and bravely taken advantage of the increased speed. It is what you do at Indy.

Certainly a lot of the innovations have stayed on and become traditional at Indy; the rear-engine cars of the 60s and the wings of the early

1931 winner Louis Schneider and mechanic Nigger Johnson



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OLD SPICE® Roll-On Anti-Perspirant.

Quick drying, man-sized protection comes out of that big ball applicator.

All that and our great OLD SPICE fragrance.

So make the switch!

Protect yourself like a man.

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PROTECTION YOU DON'T HAVE TO CHECK.
SHULTON



70s and the wider tires brought out in 1964. But many of the radical departures were just that, radical departures, and they disappeared. For example, there was a time when everyone felt that a mechanic must ride along with the driver. Well, the riding mechanic—who had to be braver than Dick Tracy—lasted, on and off, until 1937. No one knows why it took so long to put a driver out there by himself because the only car in the first Indy race in 1911 with a single man in it was Ray Harroun's, and he won.

Even the rear-vision mirror has been a vacillating affair. First used in 1911, it is one of the developments that has gone from the track to the passenger car, and there have been periods when even it wasn't used.

So, some of the new designs and mechanical changes for the 1977 race may be around for a few years and then be discarded, and some of them may become tradition, but there are also some others that will go the way of the two-engine car and the four-wheel-drives and even the front-engine roadsters, which were the "hot set-ups" for so many years.

1911 winner Ray Harroun
1977 pole sitter





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When you change your own, change to CAM2. We make it tough. The way you drive.



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ARMY ROTC. LEARN WHAT IT TAKES TO LEAD.

BOOKTALK

by JOHN PAPANKE

THE ART OF RETURNING BACKHANDED COMPLIMENTS AND OTHER TENNIS TIPS

By now the American tennis boom is history, taking its place alongside the Industrial Revolution and the Space Age. This is evidenced not only by the sport's overexposure on television, the ever-expanding number of players and courts as well as the variety of equipment being sold, but also by the glut of tennis books covering every aspect of the game from Ashe to Zen.

Thus it should come as no surprise that one of the latest works on the market ignores the backhand and comes to grips instead with the backhanded compliment—as in your opponent yelling across the net, “Nice try!” after you’ve just double-faulted your match away. That is only one of the psychological booby traps treated in *Love and Hate on the Tennis Court* (Scribner’s, \$7.95). Written by Boston psychiatrist Stanley H. Cuth and Alvin Kahn

and journalist Nathan Cobb, *Love and Hate* is a be-your-own-shrink type of book, a compendium of the psychological afflictions and emotional turmoil visited upon players whose stage is the tennis court.

The authors begin with the premise that tennis is merely an advanced version of the first games we played as children: peekaboo and hide-and-seek (Is nothing sacred?). When tennis-cum-peekaboo then is played seriously by adults, it becomes a complex game of “psychological sharing.” Because emotions, as well as the ball, ride back and forth, we develop “tennis tensions” (that color our personalities on—and off—the court).

Do you consistently blow 5-1 leads? Throw your racket? Feel guilty about a) sneaking out of the office, b) hitting bullet volleys at your opponent’s face, c) criticizing your spouse when you play mixed doubles together, d) cheating? Do you feel not guilty about any of the above? Whatever your own tennis neurosis is, you are sure to find it in *Love and Hate on the Tennis Court*. Unfortunately, the book is long on psycho-speak, defining our problems with terms like “obsessive/compulsive” and “aggression-binding,” and it does not offer a 1-2-3 solution for “choking” that you could jot down on a wristband.

Once you get past the heavy analytics, there are deeply personal and often downright racy case histories to keep you entertained during rain delays and court reseedings. Take John and Elizabeth, “married doubles” partners who go through an agonizing “tennis divorce”: Lou, the hit-and-run accident victim who takes out his aggressions on opponents who get too close to the net; Rhoda, the compulsive cheater; Martha, who can’t sleep the night before a match because she’s trying to decide which outfit to wear.

Indeed, there is an entire chapter devoted to the special problems facing women who because of leisure time and a growing confidence that they are welcome are more apt to become “tennis junkies” than men. Coping with the contrast between their traditional nonaggressive role in society and the no-holds-barred climate on the court leads to some interesting discussions, like what happens when women start beating up on men.

Your first reaction to *Love and Hate* may be disbelief that people already into tennis for small fortunes would spend \$60 an hour to lie on a psychiatrist’s couch getting their games analyzed. But as the book attests, and those players among us know, the game does crazy things to people.

END

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1

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BLAZER

Shopwalk

by KATHY BLUMENSTOCK

WHEN LOOKING AT GIFT HORSES, KEEP THE EXPENSE OF UPKEEP UPPERMOST

Recently I saw a TV news show that told about retired police horses being given away by Roosevelt Raceway in Westbury, N.Y. where in their younger days they were used to control crowds of bettors. The raceway is not the only organization trying to unload excess horseflesh. A program under the direction of the Federal Bureau of Land Management periodically captures wild horses to thin out herds roaming Nevada's Palomino Valley. The animals are available to almost anyone willing to pay for the horses' transportation, although prospective owners may have to wait eight months to two years or more before putting a halter on their freebies. However, with the tame and well-trained horses from the raceway, all one had to do was write a letter and, if a horse was available, you could go to the track and pick it up.

An incurable horse maniac, I had spent my childhood reading and rereading *Son of the Black Stallion*. In between, I plagued my parents to buy me a horse, failing to understand why one could not be accommodated in a city apartment. I was determined to own the equivalent of Trigger, and the news report of free horses recalled my childhood longings. I wrote a polite letter to Roosevelt Raceway, focusing myself upon them as a kindly, conscientious adoptive parent.

Combing the cut-rate horse market while waiting for the track to respond, I discovered something about horse maintenance. Careful empiror and all that. Horses are like real estate—it isn't the initial investment that hurts, it's the upkeep. Horses are fond of eating, and hay costs \$60 to \$100 a ton around New York. A horse can chew up that much in a couple of months. Horses have to be shod about every 30 days, and a set of horseshoes costs considerably more than Hush Puppies. Stable rent runs high, and if the beast is ailing, the veterinarian may charge more for a barn call than Dr. Forgood.

The response to my letter finally came. Luckily for my checking account, all the Roosevelt horses had been snapped up the first day in spite of the fact that one of the horses was 28 years old—surely one of the oldest living nags in the U.S.A. What do you want for free—Secretariat? But there are still those wild horses of Nevada. I just might write Adopt-a-Horse, Bureau of Land Management, Washington, D.C. 20240. They send three brochures, no doubt extolling the virtues of wild horses, and an application. Back in the prospective saddle again. **END**

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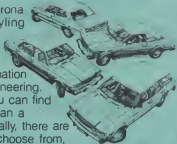
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT

Kings & 100's

SCORECARD

Edited by BOB RUD

TOO BITTER AN END

In the 112-109 loss to Philadelphia that eliminated Houston from the NBA playoffs last week, the Rockets acquitted themselves nobly, earning the respect of everyone who saw them. The same, however, could not be said of Rocket Coach Tom Nissalke.

For Houston and the 15,676 fans who packed The Summit, the defeat was a heartbreaker that left some players in tears and Nissalke enraged at the officiating. Among the decisions that infuriated him was a charging foul called on John Lucas by Referee Jake O'Donnell. It nullified a Lucas basket in the last five seconds which would have tied the score at 111 and sent the game into overtime.

That Houston would dispute the call is understandable and, in light of what the loss cost his club, perhaps so was Nissalke's indictment of the referees in his postgame remarks to newsmen. "I thought it was sick officiating," he told them. "Sack."

But when Nissalke took his case to court and incited thousands of fans who had remained there, he went too far. Speaking over a p.a. mike in an interview with Gene Peterson, the Rockets' radio announcer, Nissalke said, "I don't like to use the word 'robbery' but that's what it was. . . . The official was 10 feet out of position on one play and then Darryl Dawkins [of the 76ers] got a dunk shot where he took three steps. . . . It was just terrible. . . . It was ludicrous. We play one of the great games of the year and we lose it on a call like that. It's pathetic."

Nissalke's bitter commentary, which reached every corner of the Rockets' home arena, was punctuated by loud, approving cheers from the fans.

Regardless of the merits of O'Donnell's call—and several disinterested spectators thought it correct—Nissalke's remarks are deplorable. Not only do they smack of sour grapes, but also by making them over the public address system Nissalke could well have incited a riot

(P.S. Two days after the game it was announced that Nissalke had been named NBA Coach of the Year.)

NEW HOPE FOR FINLEY?

When Federal Judge Newell Edenfield upheld Bowie Kuhn's suspension of Ted Turner last week, the ruling was hailed as another triumph for the powers of the baseball commissioner. But the judge views his decision in exactly the opposite fashion, which may be a break for the A's Charlie Finley.

Kuhn originally fined Turner \$10,000 for tampering with Gary Matthews, an outfielder then with the Giants. Later Kuhn added to Turner's penalty by suspending the Braves' owner for one year and taking away the team's first choice in next month's amateur draft.

Edenfield, however, ruled that Kuhn could not take away the draft choice because his powers, under baseball's Basic Agreement, were specified and thus limited. The decision is counter that of Federal Judge Frank McGarr in Illinois, who said that the commissioner's powers seem to be unlimited in dismissing Finley's suit against Kuhn after the commissioner voided the sale of three A's last year.

"I went the other way," Edenfield said in an interview with the Chicago *Sun-Times* Jerry Holtzman. "Kuhn's got a lot more power than anyone I know, but it's not absolute."

Thus the score stands 1-1 on interpretation of Kuhn's power, and Edenfield's decision should strengthen Finley's impending legal appeal.

HOLLYWOOD FINISH

In a circumstance that has by now become familiar, Phillips University of Enid, Okla. cut back on its intercollegiate sports program this year for financial reasons. In deciding to drop some sports, however, Phillips wisely elected to keep men's and women's basketball and men's baseball. The three surviving teams responded with their best cumulative effort in the school's 70-year history.

The men's basketball team had a 23-8 record, their finest since 1927 and their first winning season in a decade. The Haymakers also made the NAIA district playoffs for the first time. The women's team finished second in the AJAA Small College Tournament, and its 38-3 season included a 33-game win streak.

Not to be outdone, the baseball team entered postseason competition ranked No. 1 in the nation by the NAIA. The Haymakers' 43-4 record, which includes a 29-game win streak and Coach Joe Record's 500th victory in 23 years at the school, is the best in Phillips history.

BOXING'S TASKMASTER

As the result of a bout postponed by a split lip suffered in training, Olympic boxing champion Sugar Ray Leonard has



taken to wearing a foam-rubber mask while sparring. Unlike conventional boxing headgear, Leonard's mask covers nearly his entire face. Because it absorbs opponents' punches, it might be expected to give Leonard a false sense of security. Not so, says Sugar Ray. "Even though I can't feel them when I've got the mask on, I know those punches hurt. You never forget that."

ROLLING ALONG

When 42-year-old A. J. Foyt starts his 20th consecutive Indianapolis 500 this Sunday, he will be adding to a sports longevity record rivaling those of George Blanda and Gordie Howe. Foyt's first 500 was in 1958, and of the 33 drivers who started that race he is the only one still active in big-time racing. In fact, two of

continued

his rivals this year—Gary Bettenhausen and Johnny Parsons—are sons of men A.J. drove against in his rookie year at the Speedway. In the two decades since, Foyt has been the fastest qualifier four times, has led the race a record 10 times and has won it three times (1961-64-67), a record he shares with Wilbur Shaw, Mauri Rose and Louis Meyer. This year A.J. is the fourth-fastest qualifier, with a speed of 194.563 mph, more than 51 mph faster than his qualifying average for his first race. The only other time A.J. started from fourth on the grid was in 1967, the last time he won Indy.

NON-PROFIT WINDFALL

When the NFL owners meet next month in New York, they will decide whether to accept one of the biggest money offers ever made to professional sport. The offer comes from a California promoter and film producer named Bill Sargent, who has had \$400 million for five-year television rights to the Super Bowl and the playoff games that precede it.

Sargent wants to turn the NFL post-season into a closed-circuit TV package that will be screened in 500 theaters and auditoriums. The playoff format for 1978, when Sargent's theater network would go into operation, will consist of nine games. A fan wanting to see any one or all of them would pay \$100 for the package. Because Sargent expects to sell two million tickets a season, his bid far exceeds the \$60 million that CBS, NBC and ABC now pay the league for televising the entire schedule, including the playoffs.

Sargent's proposal should be voted down, for while it may sound like a bonanza for the owners, it would diminish the television audience by almost 80 million fans, thereby making available the most important part of the season to only an elite few. The NFL owes much of its current popularity to home television, which has nurtured a generation of fans. Tuning them out when the season reaches its climax would be rank ingratitude and also a sure way to make fans turn off for good.

FAST BREAK

UCLA Basketball Coach Gene Bartow does not suffer criticism gladly, as his latest—and perhaps last—Los Angeles radio appearance indicated.

As the featured guest on Bud Furillo's sports talk show over KHLS, Bartow re-

acted hotly when a caller said that the Bruins' coach failed to teach fundamentals properly last season. "That is hogwash, hogwash, hogwash!" Bartow redundantly shouted.

Then came a commercial break and there went Bartow. Telling Furillo, "I can't take any more of this," he left the studio. Bartow later apologized to Furillo but said he would forgo any more radio appearances, "because I'm so controversial."

DESTINY'S BOUT

The occasion has yet to earn a footnote in a history book, but Jack Dempsey recently revealed that he once fought the late Howard Hughes.

Dempsey, who will be 82 on June 24, said that many years ago he was approached at his Saratoga, N.Y. training camp by Hughes, then a tall, thin, dapper teen-ager, who said he wanted to be a fighter. He asked Dempsey to spar with him and not pull any punches. Dempsey obliged only too well.

"We put on the trunks and gloves and stepped into the ring," said Dempsey. "I slapped him around a little, then knocked him down a couple of times to prove he wasn't meant to be a fighter. He took the hint and went on to bigger things."

COFFEE, TEA OR MUSCLE?

As we reported in this space last year (SCORECARD, Sept. 27, 1976), passengers on Lufthansa flights can tune their headsets to a bilingual (English-German) channel and, without leaving their seats, take part in a 30-minute program of isometric exercises set to music.

Now SAS has added vocal to the audio. Aided by a seven-minute film, passengers can perform eight different exercises—also without leaving their seats—beginning with jogging in place. To jog sitting down, explains an SAS brochure, "Use simple, rhythmic movements: raising your heels alternately as high as possible. At the same time, raise your arms in a bent position and rock rhythmically forward and back."

The next exercise is "shoulder rolling," which SAS claims "lubricates the inner joints. Move the shoulders gently and rhythmically at intervals, describing large circles both forward and backward."

The other calisthenics are forward bends, foot rolling, head turning and nodding, toe raises, knees up against the elbows and hand turning. The airline says

its exercises are "effective enough to keep intercontinental passengers fresh and alert during flights so they arrive at their destinations in top shape physically and mentally." SAS adds that the program is entirely voluntary.

UNFOUNDED MISSILE MISSIVE

Politicians have long been known to leap before looking, but Baltimore City Councilman Donald G. Hammen may well have set an indoor record. In the aftermath of the tumultuous welcome given ex-Oriole Reggie Jackson when the Yankees played Baltimore at Memorial Stadium last month, Hammen introduced a bill that would prohibit "any person or persons to toss, throw, fling or project or cause to be tossed, thrown, flung or projected, any missile upon or in the direction of any person participating in any sporting event or upon any playing field or arena during the course of a sporting event." The bill calls for a fine of \$500 and/or 30 days in jail upon conviction for each offense. Sounds like a good idea.

But wait. Is not a baseball or football a missile that can be tossed, thrown, flung or projected? And would not "any person or persons" include Oriole Pitcher Jim Palmer and Colt Quarterback Bert Jones? Not counting warm-up pitches or throws to first base, Palmer probably projects missiles in the direction of persons participating in a sporting event about 4,000 times during a season. That flagrant abuse of the councilman's law would cost him more than \$2 million in fines and/or 120,000 days in jail. Jones, on the other hand, would get off much lighter—\$171,500 and 10,290 days—or 28 years—in jail.

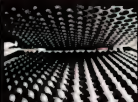
Says Councilman Hammen, "Obviously the bill needs amending."

THEY SAID IT

- Earl Williams, Oakland A's right-handed slugger, reminded that his homer off Yankee Reliever Sparky Lyle was his first of eight homers this year off a lefthander: "I'm an equal opportunity hitter."
- Bruce Jenner, decathlon gold medalist, after breaking his leg in a motorcycle accident. "Thank goodness this didn't happen a year ago. Everybody would have been saying, 'Bruce who?'"
- Jim Essian, Chicago White Sox catcher, on hitting his first major league home run in his 101st game: "I wanted to go into my home run trot, but I realized I didn't have one."

END

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IT'S HARD TO PASS THE BUCS

That's what teams in the tight National League East race are finding out about the new, faster and feistier Pirates

by Walter Bingham

Chuck Tanner, the former White Sox and A's manager who is in his first season with the Pittsburgh Pirates, is a bundle of baseball clichés. Games in May, he insists, are as important as those in September. Certainly St. Louis is tough, but so are San Diego and Atlanta. Everyone can beat you. But, rest assured, the other guys put their pants on one leg at a time. So play 'em one at a time, let it all hang out, never look back and have fun.

Tanner, who has been a professional since he played the outfield for Evansville (Ind.) in 1946, has never had more fun than he is having now. The Pirates—no, *his* Pirates—may be playing 'em one at a time, but they are winning 'em in bunches. They are galloping along at a pace second only to that of the Los Angeles Dodgers, winning roughly two out of every three games and leading the Eastern Division of the National League by—well, there's the rub. Eleven teams in the majors are playing better than .500 ball, and four of them are in the National League East. Thus, instead of disappearing over the horizon the way the Dodgers have, the Pirates are only narrowly ahead of Chicago, St. Louis and Philadelphia.

That the Pirates are leading their division is not a new story. After all, they have been Eastern champs five of the last seven seasons. It is how they are doing it that is surprising and the reason why it is appropriate to call them Tanner's team. He has given Pittsburgh fresh verve and a new look that has nothing to do with the variety of jazzy uniforms the players are wearing these days. The Pirates top the league in stolen bases (75), with Shortstop Frank (The Pittsburgh Stealer) Taveras, who has 18, and Centerfielder Omar Moreno (16) among the leaders. But they are hardly the whole story of Pirate thievery.





PHOTOGRAPH BY HENZ KLUTMEIER

• In the 10th inning against the Dodgers last Thursday night, Ed Kirkpatrick, a lumbering gent on the base paths, stole second and later scored the winning run. Granted Dodger Reliever Charlie Hough was throwing knuckleballs, which take a while to reach the plate, but sending Kirkpatrick was an aggressive move on Tanner's part.

• Taveras stole third recently against the Reds with two outs and Johnny Bench catching. Why steal third with two outs? Tanner figured Bench's arm is so strong that Pete Rose might have trouble getting to the bag in time to catch Bench's peg. Rose indeed got there late, the throw went sailing into left field and Taveras scored.

• Bruce Kison, pitcher, tried to steal second against the Dodgers. He failed, but he reaffirmed that the Pirates are going to run and run, often when it is least expected.

Tanner also has definite ideas about pitchers. He has earned the sobriquet Happy Hooker because of his penchant for removing hurlers at the slightest sign of headache, nasal congestion or ball four. Take John Candelaria, the gangling 23-year-old with size 14 feet and a sweet fast-ball. The Candy Man has been the best lefthander in the league this season. Last week he shut out Cincy and beat L. A. to raise his record to 6-0 and reduce his ERA to 1.62, but in none of his efforts has he been on the mound at the end. In fact, the Pirate pitching staff has recorded seven shut-outs but only three complete games.

The starters can blame that mainly on the Goose, otherwise known as Rich Gossage, who throws so hard in relief that Catcher Duffly Dyer's left palm is aching. Gossage, who worked for Tanner in Chicago and was the American League Fireman of the Year in 1975 with 26 saves, came to the Pirates in one of the numerous trades the manager effected after he himself came to the Pirates in one of baseball's most bizarre and widely criticized deals. The Bucs sent starting Catcher Manny Sanguillen and \$100,000 to Oakland to obtain Tanner's services. No sooner did he arrive in Pittsburgh than Tanner started a spate of trades that sacrificed hitting, long a Pirate trademark, for speed, pitching and dependable defense. Last week Gossage, a tall, slightly plump 25-year-old, gave the Dodgers as much pain as he did his catcher, striking out eight batters, including Steve Garvey twice, in three innings. That performance lowered his ERA to a remarkable 0.84 and ran his record to 4-0. Those victories, along with his eight saves, meant that Gossage had been a valuable contributor in 12 of the Pirates' 25 wins.

Kent Tekulve, who looks like the skinny kid who is al-

continued

Rich Gossage is the reliever who's been laying the golden Goose eggs on Pirate fans. In the team's 25 wins, he had four victories, eight saves.



Sennett's two-out dash helped to beat Cincy



The Bucs' speedsters, Moreno and Tanner, have 34 steals



Tanner can be cheerful, even against the Reds

PIRATES continued

ways getting sand kicked in his face, was cut from his high school team but he has persevered to become an effective alternate to the Goose. His record is 3-0, with three saves. In fact, virtually all the Pirate pitchers are big winners, with the notable exception of Jerry Reuss. A big—most Pittsburgh pitchers are considerably taller than six feet—yellow-haired man, Reuss has not only failed to win, but at one point last week he had accounted for half of the Pirates' 10 losses.

Wandering disconsolately around the clubhouse after taking an 8-3 pasting, Reuss was anxious to tell his story to anyone who would listen. "Everything that could possibly go wrong this season has," he said. "There have been ground balls just past fielders, loopers and some plain lousy pitching by me. I always said I wanted to experience everything in baseball, but I'd just as soon have skipped this part of it. It's gotten so that I question everything I do, including how I put on my uniform."

Because Reuss has averaged 16 wins in his three seasons with the Pirates, Tanner is certain he will snap out of it if he does. Pittsburgh will be tougher still.

In molding the Pirates to his own tastes, Tanner did not forgo all hitting. For most of the year the league's most spectacular batter this side of Los Angeles' Ron Cey has been David Gene Parker, the giant rightfielder who has been clipping along at a rate that only recently dropped below .400. His

confidence is still well above that. Dave Guasta, the former Pirate relief pitcher, once said that Parker is a legend in his own head. Parker seemed to confirm that last week as he spoke to a group of teammates autographing baseballs. "You're just wasting your time," he said. "There's only one name the folks want." Then he swoon-fopped across the locker room, arms raised, fingers snapping.

"You have to be confident if you want to be successful," Parker says, and one look at him shows he is indeed that. He is a majestic player who stands 6' 5" and wears a full beard and a display counter of jewelry that includes four gold rings

and two necklaces. A Star of David dangles from one of them. "I'm David and I'm a star," he explains.

All this would grate were Parker not so obviously a kind man and a very good player who is well on his way to becoming what he thinks he is. In the locker room, his biceps rippling with every movement, he would seem to be a home run threat, a man capable of 40 to 50 homers a season. To the contrary, he is a stroker of line drives whose 58 hits lead the league.

Parker is also an exceptional fielder. Willie Stargell, the 36-year-old first baseman and team captain, hates it when people compare anyone, even Parker, to Roberto Clemente—"Clemente was simply Clemente," he says—but Stargell does say that Parker is the best defensive rightfielder in the league. This raises a few eyebrows but no real arguments from less biased sources. And Parker showed why last week, nailing Rose as he rounded first base too far. Pitcher Pedro Borbon of Cincinnati, a foreigner to the base paths, later made a routine turn at second on a single to right, only to find the ball waiting for him on his return to the bag. Parker had made the unorthodox—but on this occasion correct—play of throwing to second, not to third. The folks around the league are learning about Parker's arm.

Parker has never been anything but big, weighing 14 pounds, 11 ounces at birth. One day when he was still a toddler, a truant officer came around looking for his brother Richard, who was sick. The officer asked Mrs. Parker why David was not in school and was startled to learn he was only four. Predictably, Parker became an athlete of epic accomplishments at Courter Tech in Cincinnati. As a junior halfback, he gained 1,365 yards and was romanced by 62 colleges, but in his senior year disaster struck. Running a sweep to the right, Parker found the way jammed and circled back to the left. He was completing a typically heroic 40-yard run when a blind-side tackle tore the ligaments in his left knee. He had to undergo an operation.

That is why the Pirates drafted Parker as low as 14th in June 1970. He hit .314 in Bradenton, Fla., which is at the bottom of the Pirates' masthead, and then worked his way up through the system

from Waterbury, Conn. to Monroe, N.C. to Salem, Va., to Charleston, W. Va. He made his Pittsburgh debut in 1973. Since then he has hit .288, .282, .308 and .313, and now has a three-year contract for an amount that he declines to discuss. Whatever it is, it has allowed him to purchase a new house for himself in Pittsburgh and one for his parents, who still live in Cincinnati.

When Parker first reached Pittsburgh, he had a hot temper that led to a lot of helmet-flipping, but he was quickly set straight by Stargell, who has always kept his cool. Stargell had an off-year in 1976, because he was distraught over the near death of his wife Dolores from a blood clot in her brain. Happily, she has completely recovered, and Stargell is crushing the ball again, although he no longer plays every day. One day last week, taking a humid afternoon off after a night game, he gleefully told his teammates, "Guys, my heart will be on the field, but my body will be where it's cool."

But any examination of Pittsburgh success must wind back to Tanner. "He knows how to motivate," says Al Oliver, the leftfielder. "He doesn't hesitate to tell us when we're doing well." Parker recalls that Danny Murtaugh, the late Pirate manager, would sit like a statue after a Pittsburgh homer. "Maybe two innings later he'd walk down the dugout and tip you on the leg," Parker says. After a homer, Tanner leads a charge off the bench, sometimes advancing halfway to the plate to extend congratulations.

True to his style and his clichés, Tanner refused to regard last week's series with the Dodgers—the season's first between the two division leaders—as different from any other, even though everyone knows that games in May are as important as games in September. Gossage did his strikeout number, and Second Baseman Renne Bennett hit a bases-loaded single to give the Pirates a 6-5 win in the first game.

The Pirates lost the next two 6-1 and 4-3, and then on Sunday, Parker exploded with two homers, one a grand slam, and five RBIs in support of the Candy Man. Pittsburgh won 11-4 to hold onto first place.

None of this concerned Tanner long. The last-place Mets were coming to town the next day, and the Mets can be tough. They can beat you.

END

CUBS JOIN THE CLUB—MAYBE

"It's early," Cub Manager Herman Franks has intoned almost every morning in May. "Let's wait a couple of months before we talk about pennant races." But as the Cubs, who have not finished in the first division in five years, won 16 of their first 20 games this month and ended last week just 1½ games behind Pittsburgh, all Chicago ignored Franks' admonition and started talking of a miracle on the North Side. The surge—led by Rightfielder Bobby Murcer, Reliever Bruce Sutter and the Wrigley Doubleplay Twins—has brought what was a preseason cornucopia of questions about the Cubs down to one: Can their pitching survive the summer sun and thus allow them to remain contenders in the National League East?

The late Cub owner, Philip K. Wrigley, had been denied for when he had and had not done during the off-season. He had not signed free agents. He had hired Franks, 62, who had been out of baseball for six years. He had not met batting champion Bill Madlock's contract demands and had sent him to San Francisco for Murcer. He had also shipped Centerfielder Rick Monday, the Cub home-run leader in 1976, to Los Angeles for First Baseman Bill Buckner. The throw-ins in those deals were a couple of guys named Ivan DeJesus and Steve Ontiveros.

One columnist even called the Madlock-Murcer trade "the worst in Chicago history." Well, if the first six weeks of the season are any indication, the Cubs could use a lot more bad deals. Murcer has been the mainstay of a lineup that has averaged .312 and seven runs a game since May 1. He leads the Cubs in home runs (61) and RBIs (251), while hitting a thoroughly respectable .295. "What did anyone expect?" asks Franks. "Murcer's record shows that he's this kind of player." In his eight previous seasons as a regular, Mur-

cer has averaged 153 games, 283, 22 homers, 26 doubles, 85 runs, 89 RBIs and 11 stolen bases. Third Baseman Ontiveros, the other man in the Murcer deal, has also been an asset, displaying unexpected adequacy on defense and batting better than .300.

And nowadays no one in Chicago is mourning the absence of Monday, even though the man ran in that trade. Buckner, has rarely played because of an ankle injury. For starters, Buckner's replacement, Larry Bunker, has hit .318. Then there is the throw-in of the Monday-Buckner trade, DeJesus, who has fielded brilliantly and hit better than .300, too. With Manny Trillo—perhaps the best defensive second baseman in the league who has been whacking at a .387 clip—DeJesus has given the Cubs their first double-play combination since Don Kessinger and Glenn Beckert.

As much as Trillo's and DeJesus' defense has helped the pitchers, Suter has really been the salvation of the starters, who have completed only four of their first 36 games. He is a fuzzy-haired kid who came up last May to win six games, save 10 others and compile a 2.71 earned run average. Now Expo Manager Dick Williams calls him "the best reliever in the National League." After working in two victories in Atlanta last weekend, Suter had 10 saves and an ERA of 0.56. He had made 10 appearances in May, working 20½ innings and allowing one earned run. But whether he and the rest of the staff—which has only three starters of even modest reputation, none of whom are left-handed—can continue to perform this well when the games and heat start mounting in June is a vexing question. Even Franks admits that the Cubs' prospects are not good unless they can obtain or develop a reliable fourth starter.

—PETER GAMMONS



A throw in the Monday-Buckner trade, Ivan DeJesus has been the spark at short in Chi-

NOW THERE'S JUST ONE MORE DANCE TO GO

Seattle Slew waltzed off with the Preakness and only needs to lead his rivals a merry chase in the Belmont to become the first undefeated Triple Crown winner

by William Leggett

Colin. Think about him. He ran in 1907-08 and had the finest nickname of any horse: The Undefeated. He went to the post 15 times and never lost. Colin didn't win big, he just won. He ran his first three races in a period of seven days. He could handle any distance and any track. Sometimes he set records, but in the biggest race of his life, the Belmont Stakes, a fierce rainstorm prevented the clockers from determining his time. When a series of injuries forced Colin's retirement he was called "The greatest horse and the best ever bred in America, and probably the world."

Last Saturday at Pimlico racecourse in Baltimore, Seattle Slew took the 102nd Preakness Stakes. So far nobody has dared to compare Slew to Colin; it is far too early for that. But Seattle Slew is undefeated in eight races. Sometimes he sets track records and sometimes he does not. What he does is win.

"I was lucky enough to get close to some extraordinary horses," says Jimmy Jones, who trained for Calumet Farm. "Citation, Countdown, Whirlaway, Two Lea, Tim Tam. When I look at Seattle Slew's record all I see is I. He wins, then he was again. I hear people who should know better say, 'Seattle Slew hasn't beaten anybody.' Well, they're right about that. He hasn't beaten anybody, he's beaten everybody. How many horses has he beaten? Just all of them. I'm from Missouri and he's shown even me. But the best part about Seattle Slew is what's ahead. This show may just be starting."

Seattle slew eight opponents last week. Those closest to him at the finish were Iron Constitution, Run Dusty Run, Cormorant and J. O. Tobin. He made them look like Dasher, Dancer, Prancer and Vixen. Before the largest crowd (77,346) ever to attend a Preakness, he was pow-

erful, strong, maneuverable and probably giggling at the end of the one mile and $\frac{3}{4}$ ths. After the mile he was three lengths in front in the stunning time of 1:34 $\frac{1}{4}$, and through the long stretch Jockey Jean Cruguet hit him hard only once and brought him coasting under the finish line. This performance could scare off virtually all opposition in future races.

On June 11, Seattle Slew will try to become the 10th Triple Crown winner and the first undefeated one. In many ways the site, New York's Belmont Park, is fitting, for it was there that Seattle Slew started his career last year. "That's his ball park," says Trainer Billy Turner. "He loves that racetrack. He has the home-court advantage there. But let me say one thing: he is getting better. He has only run eight times, so he doesn't have a great deal of experience. He has still some more to show."

The Preakness was the fourth \$100,000 race that Seattle Slew has knocked off in eight weeks and his earnings now top \$600,000. He has faced 74 horses and beaten every one with ease. Opponents that try to run with him early do not just get beaten, they get smashed.

Throughout Preakness Week Seattle Slew was surrounded by knockers spouting all the sport's clichés. It was said that he had beaten a mediocre field in the Kentucky Derby and that his running time (2:02 $\frac{1}{4}$) was absurdly slow. Jim Hill, who admitted for the first time last week that he is a part owner of Seattle Slew as well as his veterinarian, was asked about the Derby clocking. "We looked at the race on videotape and put a watch to it," Hill said. "Slew had tremendous problems coming out of the starting gate. He broke flatfooted and sideways and he was behind just about everybody. Considering that he had to fight his way into contention, his time for the six furlongs

was exceptional. He might have gone those six furlongs in 1:09 and some change with no trouble."

Slew's Derby run so impressed people who know horses that only two Churchill Downs starters (Run Dusty Run and Sir Sir) came back to try him in the Preakness. However, the field at Pimlico was stronger than the one Slew faced in Louisville. Run Dusty Run, the Derby runner-up, was joined by the speedball Cormorant, who had won seven of nine lifetime starts. The late-closing Iron Constitution had beaten him the week before the Preakness and that colt also was entered at Pimlico. And there was J. O. Tobin, England's top 2-year-old of 1976, who had proved he could win just as convincingly in the U.S. by taking the Coronado Handicap at Hollywood Park late in April.

Before the Preakness Slew's knockers were claiming that he could be defeated if he drew an outside post position. This





Slew heads home, running easily as Iron Constitution absorbs the wear and tear of another loss

year horses breaking along the rail at Pimlico have done exceptionally well (nearly 40% have won). As things turned out, Seattle Slew drew the eight stall in the nine-horse field. The swift Cormorant was assigned the inside post.

"There can be an advantage in Slew's drawing an outside position," Billy Turner said. "At the Derby he drew No. 4 and had to stand around while 11 other colts were loaded. Here Slew goes in, then one other horse, then bingo, they're off. I have a feeling Slew will not have any trouble coming out of the gate. For Slew, that is. He never really breaks well. We're still working on that."

When the gate spring open on Saturday Slew was away alertly for once, and he and Cormorant sped off in front moving into the first turn. Turner had thought that Cormorant would be two or three lengths in front coming out of that turn but Cormorant never opened up a big lead. Slew trailed him closely

down the backstretch and accelerated in the far turn. He moved by the pacesetter, dispatching him with ease. Iron Constitution passed tiring horses in the stretch to close the gap to a length and a half. "My horse ran super," said Cormorant's jockey, Danny Wright. "He tried his best and gave me everything. He did everything I asked when I asked. We couldn't outfoot Seattle Slew."

Can anyone? Probably not. Although Cormorant finished fourth, he ran the best race, excluding Seattle Slew. "Our horse was good and game," said Cormorant's trainer, Jim Simpson. "If we didn't give it a try, nobody was going to. If we didn't go after him, it would have been a walkover. I don't know about running Cormorant in the Belmont. Oh, he's nominated, but it would be like tackling a monster."

Slew's Preakness was the second fastest. His time (1:54 $\frac{3}{8}$) matched Secretariat's in 1973 and was only bettered by

Canonero II (1:54) in 1971. Last year he took the 105-year-old Champagne Stakes, this country's top 2-year-old event, running that mile faster than any horse ever had. In his first outing this season Slew broke the seven-furlong track record at Hialeah, then won the Flamingo in the third-fastest time and did so while being eased up from the top of the stretch.

Two hours after the Preakness, Mickey and Karen Taylor and Dr. Hill and his wife Sally gathered at their horse's barn. Slew stood on a grassy spot not far from the shedrow. The colt looked magnificent, and a crowd gathered to ogle him. The only sound came from a rock band playing outside the track gates. Turner looked at his colt and said, "Let's get him back inside. I don't want him upset." The trainer was asked why, before the race, he had given Slew Butazolidin, an analgesic used to relieve lameness. "It was a precaution," he said. "I knew the track would be fast and I didn't want his feet hurt."

Turner rubbed his hands together and began walking in small circles. "Now we've got another dance to go to," he said. "The Belmont. I wonder how many will start against him. There's Sanhedrin and probably Iron Constitution and maybe Habibity from California. That's three." He threw up his hands. "No," he said, "12 or 13 will show up. Horses will fall out of trees to run against him. People probably still won't believe that Seattle Slew is one heck of a good horse. I don't think he has run his best race yet. And he loves Belmont Park. We should be at the stage where we don't have to prove anything more, but in horse racing you always do. I've lost 10 pounds in the past few weeks and I didn't weigh that much going into this thing." Turner is 6' 2" and rail thin. He looked into his colt's stall and said, "Hey, Slew, you are some kind of racehorse. Oh man, am I proud of you."

The quest is to become not just the 10th Triple Crown winner, but also the only undefeated one. The Triple Crown victors are—roll of the drums, please—Sir Barton, Gallant Fox, Omaha, War Admiral, Whirlaway, Count Fleet, Assault, Citation, Secretariat. Joining that list would be a grand accomplishment. But think about Colin. He is another ghost Seattle Slew is chasing.

END

SUDDENLY MARIO IS THE MAGICIAN AGAIN

In the past seven weeks Mario Andretti not only became the first man to break 200 at Indy, but he also won two Formula 1 races **by Sam Moses**

I have been 16 years since an American won the world driving championship. That's long enough for a country to forget the champion (Phil Hill) and Grand Prix racing altogether. But Mario Andretti is reminding us that there is more than oval racing in this world. After toying with Formula 1 on and off for nine years, he is taking the world championship seriously. "I don't know if I could ever describe how much it means to me," Andretti says, his voice edged with intensity and sincerity.

A year ago they weren't taking Mario seriously in Europe. Now, after two consecutive Grand Prix wins—the Long Beach GP and the Spanish GP—they talk about him as if he were magic. Mario is all the rage in the U.S., too. The week after his victory in Spain, Andretti recorded the first 200-mph lap in the history of Indianapolis Speedway, and this Sunday he will be one of the favorites in the 61st running of the 500.

Whether or not he wins the championship, or his second Indy, this year, Andretti's life should be ennobled by Ralph Edwards someday. He was born in Italy in 1940, spent his first few years watching the world go through a war, then lived in a refugee camp in Lucca with his family for seven years before emigrating with them to America—the land-of-opportunity in 1955. He got off the boat holding his father's left hand. Gigi Andretti's right hand was stuffed into his pocket clutching all of the family's worldly pos-

sessions: \$125. The elder Andretti went to work in a steel mill in eastern Pennsylvania (where Mario still lives) and watched, first with horror, then with pride, as his oldest child grew up to be one of the world's best race drivers.

Andretti has the most varied career record of any driver. He has won at Indy (1969) and on dirt tracks (he was 1974 USAC Dirt Track Champion), he has won in sports cars (the 12 Hours of Sebring), in stock cars (the Daytona 500) and in Formula 1 cars (his four GP victories equal Dan Gurney's American record). "Mario is the best all-round driver I've ever had," says Roger Penske, who owns the car Andretti will be driving at Indy. "He's a racer's racer—completely dedicated, single-minded and passionately competitive."

Penske is the most publicity-conscious team owner in racing, so he appreciates Andretti for his attitude and image, as well as for his talent. One morning last week in Monte Carlo, the contrast between Andretti and the current world champion, James Hunt, was obvious as they ate breakfast at adjacent tables in a

hotel dining room. Andretti, wearing a brown, patterned sport shirt and tailored slacks, shared his table with a succession of reporters, giving thoughtful answers to tired questions. Hunt, wearing a pair of cutoff jeans, a T shirt and no shoes, shared his table with a blonde.

That afternoon Hunt played hackgammon by the pool with another blonde, while Andretti drove downtown to talk business with his crew. In the garages another contrast was evident, this time with 1975 World Champion Niki Lauda. A crowd of spectators had formed around Andretti and Lauda as they spoke. When the conversation ended, Lauda pushed through the wall of people and left; Andretti patiently and willingly signed autographs. After he made his way into his red Lotus Elite to leave, Mario looked through the windshield at the throng of fans. He said, "Sometimes the attention is a pain in the neck, but you've got to put it into perspective: if I weren't where I am, they wouldn't be there, but if they weren't there, I wouldn't be where I am."

"If Mario wins the world championship, it will do a lot of good for Formula

Andretti's determination to win the championship prompted Colin Chapman to design the new Lotus, successor to famed racers of the 60s and early 70s



I racing," says Chris Pook, the organizer of the Long Beach Grand Prix. "Most drivers seem to get championious when they win it. Lauda became rude and icy; Hunt turned into an adolescent prima donna. I'm absolutely certain Mario won't change. He's been around long enough to know how to accept winning and its consequences with class."

Andretti's two victories this year mark a comeback for Lotus, a team which once dominated Formula 1. Lotus earned manufacturers' championships six times between 1963 and 1973. But its prestige sank in 1974 and 1975 as the interest of its leader, Colin Chapman, waned to the point of depressing the entire team. Andretti signed with Lotus last season, with one condition: that Chapman would again be an active boss.

Says Andretti, "I am snobbish about who prepares my cars, and I have faith in Colin. He's the inspiration of the team, there's no doubt about that. But if I can take credit for one thing, it's getting him to love racing again. He hadn't been to a test session in seven years, but he hasn't missed one since I joined the team."

"The first time I saw Mario drive was at Indianapolis in 1965, the year we won with Jimmy Clark," Chapman recalls. "He was just a rookie then, and he had never driven a Formula 1 car, but I told him that whenever he was ready to try, just call me. I knew then that he could be a winner in Grand Prix racing."

Says another member of the team, "Chapman and Jimmy Clark had unspoken communication, like brothers. After Clark was killed, Colin never seemed to reach that level of communication with any other driver, but he has with Mario. He has the same look in his eye when he talks to Mario that he had with Clark."

The look in Andretti's eye at Monte Carlo last week was one of ambivalence. He liked the ambience, but he wasn't so sure about the circuit. "This is a very special race," he said. "It's the most colorful Grand Prix in the world, and it's really classy here, but if I don't do well, I'm going to hate the damn joint."

The principality of Monaco is built into a hillside, wedged between the sea and rocky cliffs. Its 2.037-mile Grand Prix circuit winds through the city streets between apartment buildings and hotels. The circuit is similar to Long Beach's, only hillier, narrower, twistier, slower—

and far more difficult. At one point the cars have to speed through a sweeping turn inside a 130-yard tunnel.

"It's like nowhere else in the world," said Andretti. "It's extremely demanding, physically, because there's nowhere on the course to rest, and mentally, because 100% concentration is required all the time. Jackie Stewart told me he used to practice deep breathing at certain spots around the circuit. Maybe I should try that. Right now I think I just hold my breath all the way around."

"The margin of error is non-existent, and I mean non-existent. You can't just dip in with your eyes closed and figure, well, if I slide off the shoulder a little bit, I'll just collect some grass. Uh, uh. You'll collect something a lot harder than that. Still, you can't afford to leave a one-foot margin in the turns. If you give away that much road, you're not going fast enough. But touch those curbs, and it will throw you a mile. One mistake, and your suspension is hanging out there."

Saturday's final qualifying session was disastrous for Andretti. The left-front steering arm on his black and gold Lotus fractured, sending him bouncing off a guard rail, caroming across the track and bouncing off the guard rail on the other side of the street. There was no serious damage to car or driver, but enough harm was done to prevent Andretti from making any more quick laps. As a result, he was only 10th fastest, which put him on the fifth row for the start, and at Monte Carlo a poor grid position is all but fatal.

"Passing is almost impossible," said Andretti. "If there's a car in front of you and it's even a little bit slower, it can hold you back forever."

Andretti wasn't held back forever in the race, but nearly so. Starting on the grid beside Mario was Hunt's teammate, Jochen Mass, in the second McLaren. Andretti beat Mass at the start, but on



His 200 mph lap proved that Mario remembers his way around Indy

the ninth lap Mass was able to get back in front when they came up on Ronnie Peterson, who was pulling out of the race with the front brakes locked on his Tyrrell. Andretti was blocked by Peterson, but Mass was able to slip by cleanly. "I just chased the wrong way around Peterson," admitted Andretti. "I made a mistake."

It was a costly mistake. Mass was slightly slower than Andretti, but Andretti could not repay him, although he hounded him for the remainder of the race. Mass finished fourth, Andretti fifth.

"I never got a clean chance at him," said Mario. "He probably held me up by half a second a lap. I could see the front-runners getting away, but I couldn't do anything about it."

The front-runners who got away to finish 1-2-3 were Jody Scheckter, Lauda and Carlos Reutemann, who now lead Andretti in the standings with 32, 25 and 23 points to Mario's 22. But the season is not even half over.

"I'm always optimistic," said Andretti. "In this business you have to be. Sometimes it works and sometimes it doesn't, but you never get anywhere unless you're willing to fight to the end."

And after waiting all those years for a solid shot at the world championship, if there is one thing Andretti is willing to do, it's fight to the finish.

END



ACCEPTING WITH PLEASURE HIS KIND INVITATION

Never mind that the host with the most had his eye on the jackpot, there were few regrets when Nicklaus asked his fellow pros over for a game on his superb village green

by Dan Jenkins

One thing Jack Nicklaus' Memorial tournament seems to do is bring up the question of how much praise a man can take before Red Adair has to be called in to put a cap on his ego. The Muirfield Village course near Columbus, Ohio, the site of last week's tournament, was in such immaculate condition that people would sooner have dropped cigarette butts on their babies' tummies. Even after rain caused the final round to be postponed, there was not a single player, including those who shot soaring numbers, who did not proclaim the course the best-prepared, lushest, most glorious piece of golfing real estate they had ever dragged a cleat across.

Here was a course where you knew if you drove in the fairway you would get a perfect lie, and if you hit a good iron into a green you knew it would hold and when you putted you knew the ball would roll true. Never before, everyone agreed, had this been the case on any tournament course, anywhere. Day in and day out, golf's most raved-about layout is the Augusta National, but not even in its most exquisite year, when one might not discover the slightest blemish on the most obscure dogwood, has the Masters course received the kind of no-holds-barred puffs that Muirfield Village did.

So after the first few days, when Nicklaus was drowning in compliments, there were those who began looking for ways to keep him honest. Something had to

be wrong. Well, if you wanted to be picky, you could say that Muirfield Village has the longest combined walks from green to tee of any course outside the Himalayas. Somebody measured them and came up with a total of one mile—most of it uphill. It was also decided that the green at the par-3 16th sloped too much away from the shooter. And then there were jokes. Too much grain in the tees. The creeks ought to be a lighter color brown. And as Ben Crenshaw said after his first-round 87, "It's too dark inside some of the hazards."

Obviously, the way to have such a flawless course is to be a perfectionist like Jack, and have the money to spend on it. A cynic might say that each hole should be named after a Columbus bank, but Nicklaus himself has about \$1.5 million tied up in the best grass fairways and vicuña greens. It may well be that Jack will one day decide he wants an ocean hole at Muirfield Village and he will order Course Superintendent Ed Etchells to reroute the Firth of Clyde from the west coast of Scotland into the creek bordering Muirfield's third green.

For all of you gardening and front lawn fans, here are Etchells' tips on how to make your plant life look velvety and wonderful: use only hand mowers on your best greens, not tractor mowers like the low-rent neighbors down the street; rake your bunkers only with puddles, or toothless implements, because they

smooth out the sand. Also, you must top-dress your greens and fairways every two weeks. Also, you should cut the grass a lot. Cut your fairways to $\frac{3}{16}$ of an inch, and then cut your greens to $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch. You set the mower height with a magnifying glass. On greens shaved this close the golf ball may wander off if you so much as clear your throat while standing over it. But fast greens are the mark of a great course. To do all these things, you need roughly \$250,000 a year; but if you are Jack Nicklaus, the club members will only smile and send a gofer to get a checkbook.

As he did last year during the inaugural Memorial, Nicklaus was making mental notes on the improvements he wants, both on the course and for the tournament, as he competed. At one point, when he noticed some volunteer kids having fun with the scoreboards—they were posting names like Golden Bear, Arnie, Chi Chi, etc.—Jack summoned Pandel Savic, a close friend who is co-chairman of the tournament with Bob Hong, to tell the kids to knock it off. Nicklaus was playing the 15th hole on Friday when he gave this order.

Jack had opened with a par 72, a round that featured a double bogey, and he had been told that he had played a "hostly round." When he shot a 68 on Friday, a round that could have been much lower because of how snugly he put his irons into the flags, he said, "I thought a good

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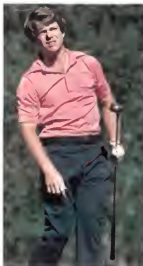


The 12th, modeled on the 12th at Augusta, is a 158-yard par-3 over a lake to the smallest green on the course. Water in the form of a creek running down the middle of the fairway also bedevils golfers on the 531-yard 5th, while traps guard green (below)





Until Sunday, surprising Bobby Wadkins (top left) was in a cluster with some of the PGA's best (clockwise): Hubert Green, Gary Player and Tom Watson



his last year about whether I wanted to win my tournament, but now I've made a decision. I would like to win."

It is not the splendid golf course alone that makes Jack's tournament so immediately special, so evidently worth winning that it drew a stronger field than any Masters. And it surely is not the name—the Memorial—which, if anything, is rather unfortunate. What it might be is the presence, influence, taste and maybe even inspiration of a woman—that lovely and gracious lady Barbara Nicklaus. No other tournament of any quality has quite the exact kind of feeling that Jack's does, and much of the credit for the detail and hospitality and atmosphere is due Barbara, who perhaps is not only the best golf wife anyone has ever known but is also definitely the leader in the clubhouse as the best sports wife.

She was in and out of the club, hosting, arranging, entertaining and generally lending style to the occasion, despite the fact that she had lost her \$12 hammer with four more pictures to hang. She knows everyone in town and everyone in the field, but she somehow finds time for them all, and calmly.

Jack had better watch out. Last week Barbara confided that she has signed to do a TV commercial for the first time in her own name. "Hi, I'm Barbara Nicklaus. For Magic Chef microwave ovens." One thing could lead to another and Barbara may come up with her own Memorial Invitational cook-off. Forget Francis Quimet as next year's honoree, Jack. Let's call it the third annual \$225,000 Barbara.

For the first three rounds this tournament belonged essentially to a young and likable unknown, Bobby Wadkins. Not Lanny, his older and more familiar brother, Bobby Wadkins had squeezed into the field as the second alternate. And after the first six holes of the opening round on Thursday, the 25-year-old native of Richmond, Va., was all set to quit and walk in. He was five over par. Then he thought of something. There was a \$500 guarantee for players who finished 36 holes. Bobby Wadkins could use \$500. What Wadkins then did was fire the most colossal stretch of golf on the PGA tour this year, an unbelievable one on a course of this stature. Bobby went nine under on the next 11 holes. He shot a back nine of 29, which added up to a four-under 68 and a tie for the lead.

Wadkins had never seen more than

continued

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PUERTO RICAN RUMS



half a dozen press rooms, so when he came into Muirfield's he said honestly, "I reckon you all know I was five over after six holes." After the laughter, he explained that what he had done was tell himself to hit it like he had on the practice tee, and not like he had on the first six holes. On those holes he had driven into a bunker, driven into a creek, shanked a wedge and three-putted. Now you get nine under from that point on was not, as most might have imagined, to hole out everything but the head covers. It was like this:

Smack a two-iron onto the par-five 7th and make a 10-foot putt for an eagle, make a 15-footer for a birdie at the long 10th, hit a three-wood onto the narrow par-five 11th and two-putt for a birdie, almost hole out an eight-iron for a birdie at the watery 12th, drop a 20-footer for a birdie at the 13th, chip to 10 feet for a birdie at the 15th, very neatly hole out a five-iron for a birdie at the 16th, and then dump a 30-footer for a birdie at the 17th. In other words, nothing bizarre. Just magnificent shots. On the last green, he needed to get down from 40 feet for his par, and the 29, and he did so, although he said, "I was choking to death."

In both the second and third rounds everyone wanted for Bobby Wadkins to disappear, but he refused. On Friday he shot a creditable par 72, this time performing in front of a gallery. He lost the lead by two shots to Gary Player and Jerry McGee, but they quickly gave it back to him on Saturday. Through the 11th hole, McGee was tied for first, but then the dangerous course suddenly grabbed him, as it can do, with its trees and creeks and bunkers. Jerry triple-bogeyed the shot 12th out of a bunker, and that thrust him toward a 79. Player developed a snapping hook and flew to a 76. And in the midst of this, Wadkins was shooting a 69 to take a one-stroke lead over Nicklaus.

It was a lead that nobody expected him to keep on Sunday, of course. Not after Jack had decided that he wanted to win his own tournament. Not after Nicklaus holed out a bunker shot on the 18th on Saturday for the birdie that put him only a warm breath behind Wadkins.

But this was O.K. in a certain sense Bobby Wadkins had already given the Memorial much of its fun, and maybe you could say that it was he who made the host, tycoon and architect decide to go to work on the thing he does best.

The final 18 began as if Barbara Nicklaus had scripted it. Bobby Wadkins hit it to the right off the tee on No. 1 and made a bogey, and he hit it left on No. 2 and barely rescued a par with a 15-footer, and he hit it right on No. 3 and made another bogey, all of which gave Nicklaus the lead. Jack was playing perfectly, stuffing his irons through the first six holes to go two under on the round.

When Nicklaus gave Wadkins a chance to breathe by slipping to a couple of bogeys, Bobby promptly squandered the strokes, driving wildly into the water at the 9th hole. It was about then that the storm struck and everybody got to stand around, sit around, scurry for shelter, ask questions and make periodic side trips to the clubhouse. Nicklaus maintained a two-stroke lead on Wadkins through the first and second delays. But when play ceased at 8 p.m. Wadkins was on his way to an 81 and Jack stood on the 16th tee two strokes ahead of Hubie Green and four ahead of Tom Watson. Everyone else was so far behind and wet they would have settled for a roll of paper towels rather than a check.

Even under water, Jack's course remained a wonder. It drained like Niagara Falls or a bottle in the hand of an absent-minded bartender, you can take your choice. Now you saw a stream rushing across a green, and now you didn't. Not all of the delays were caused by water, however. Thunder and lightning were partly responsible, and it was noted that, as yet, Jack has not found a way to control electricity.

When they went out early Monday to complete the round, there was the chance that Green would do something marvelous, or Nicklaus would do something horrible, over the last three holes to keep Jack from becoming his sport's first three-million-dollar man. No one did anything but make routine pars. Nicklaus shot a 71 for a 72-hole total of 281 and the \$45,000 that boosted his career earnings to \$3,010,252. Green was second by the same two strokes he had slept on. Watson was third, bringing up another fascinating statistic. It was the 10th time in 15 starts this year that Watson has been in the top five.

Counting the delays and the sleepover, the last round took about 21 hours, but that was no real imposition on Columbus sports fans. All in all, it didn't take much longer than a Woody Hayes touchdown drive.

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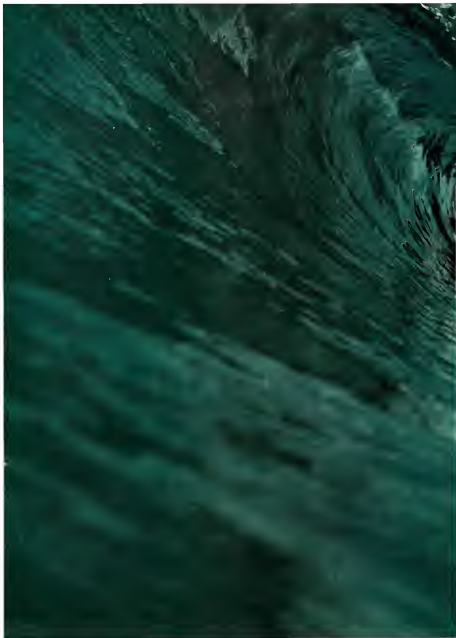
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Surfing Off into the Sunset

Scientists tend to describe waves by category, giving them such labels as spilling, surging and plunging. To an oceanographer, a plunging wave is steep; it falls neatly over itself as it breaks and it forms a rolling tunnel. If called upon, oceanographers will deliver a lengthy dissertation on the physics behind the wave's creation.

Surfers are more pragmatic about plunging waves. Few surfers have ever heard the word—they call the hollow waves "tubes." Nor do they question how they got there; they just surf them, and they call a ride in one "getting tubed." That is *in* a tube, not *on* it. The object is to surf completely inside the wave, isolated where there is nothing to hear but the roar of the ocean, nothing to see but a curtain of water crashing in front, knowing there is a wall of water surging behind and a fragile ceiling of water waiting to crumble over your head and pound you into the bottom. The only successful escape from a tube is out one end, and only the best surfers can make it before the wave collapses.

"Getting tubed is probably the ultimate experience in surfing," says Neil Grider, a fireman who lives in San Clemente, walking distance from a surfing beach called Cotton's Point that produc-

es memorable tubes on occasion. "You're just gliding along and the wave starts swelling, and then it breaks over your head and covers you like a blanket. Suddenly you're inside this moving mass of water, and time gets suspended for one intense moment. It's so precarious and it happens so quick that it's just a flash: you're inside it, you get a quick mental image of it, and then it begins collapsing and you either blast out the other end of it or get buried. Most of the time you get buried.

"Part of the ecstasy of getting tubed is knowing you're so close to wiping out. The more you hang in there on the brink of disaster, the more elated you feel about it. Just getting into a tube and coming out again is its own reward. Once you get a taste of being in there and the elated feeling of getting back out, it sticks with you. You will never forget the experience. You keep going for it again and again."

There are two ways a surfer can get inside a tube. He can stall and wait for the wave to catch him, or he can be bold and catch the wave. Corky Carroll, a five-time national surfing champion, describes the bold method: "You come down off the swell as hard and as fast as you can, and you watch when the wave

sets itself up in front of you. If you time it right you're hitting the bottom of the wave just as it begins to pitch, and you set the edge of your board just like it was a pair of skis. You take all your momentum, push, and turn forward into the wave just as it breaks over your head. You're right in the pocket then, the position of the most energy, and you want to stay there for as long as you can. Which usually isn't very long because you're at the mercy of this unpredictable wave. Sometimes the tube is only two feet high, and you have to crouch down in an embryo position—if you're really speeding it seems like you can do anything. You're pushing into the wave, at the edge of this crashing wall of water, and then it just shoots you out with an explosion, like you were a cannonball. It's absolutely incredible."

In California tubes are plentiful, if not as intimidating as those found at Oahu's famed Banzai Pipeline. La Jolla's Big Rock is a favorite spot. Another is Salt Creek at Dana Point. Still another tubesville lies off Coronado, near the Mexican border, where Allan Seymour had a memorable ride. "It was after seven one evening," he says, "just before sunset and the sun was really low in the sky. I saw this wave swelling and I knew it was going to be a perfect tube. I got up on the board and sped down the wave and turned into it, and suddenly a giant shadow swept over me and put me in this roaring darkness. There I was in this giant tube, looking up into the face of the wave, and I could see the sun through the sheet of water. Then the wave started crumbling over my head as I watched, so I crouched down and just hoped I'd get out of there before it collapsed on top of me. Just as it crashed I burst out into the sunlight. I've been surfing 20 years, and it was one of the greatest rides of my life."

—SAM MOSES

The setting is only just short of desolate. A hotel room, smokily conspiratorial. Glimpsed through a half-curtained window is the standard detritus of an airport perimeter: freight sheds, a retired-looking 707, a parking lot. Beyond, miles and miles of flat Indiana, gray and saturated after a morning rain. But the neat man sitting on the edge of the bed, his eyes as dark and compelling as a magician's, is going to change all that. "Let me blue-sky for a moment," he says. No tornado comes twisting across the plain. The airport hotel fails to levitate and spin. But the little group of businessmen who are his audience is headed straight over the rainbow, firmly attached to the magician's Prince of Wales check coatsails.

It is the summer of 1990, and 100,000

Russia, or Ajax of Holland, in the World Club championship playoff. Or could it be—just possibly and if everything has gone right—could it be that it is Indianapolis lined up against the powerhouse of Europe.

As he freely confesses, the magician—Phil Woosnam, commissioner of the North American Soccer League—is blue-skying. But it should not be too easily assumed that this is for the sole benefit of the group of Indianapolis businessmen who are thinking of applying for a soccer franchise in their city. What makes the magic possible, what makes it so easy to drift up, up and away on the commissioner's coatsails is that this apotheosis of soccer in North America so firmly believes in himself and in what he is saying. Half-jokingly, one of the In-

NOTHING BUT BLUE SKIES DOES WOOSNAM SEE

The commissioner of the North American Soccer League is a Welshman with the tongue of a spellbinder, Micawber's optimism and a bulldog's persistence

by CLIVE GAMMON

fans at the Rose Bowl stand for the anthems of the competing countries: first for *The Star-Spangled Banner*, then for the national hymn of the other team—Brazil? West Germany? England? Argentina? And out there in TV land, envying the ticket-holders, wiggling its collective person closer to screens that glow from Tokyo to Cape Horn, an audience of 900 million settles to watch the finals of the World Cup, The World Soccer Cup, of course, arguably the world's premier sporting event. In the magician's own words, it is the moment when the greatest game will finally and indisputably have come to the greatest country.

By degrees he brings his audience back to Indianapolis, pausing on the way to impart another vision of the sunlit uplands—of the day, perhaps somewhat nearer, when the Kicks or the Rowdies or the Cosmos meet Dynamo Kiev of

Indianapolis group had introduced him as "the white tornado." In Wales, though, where Woosnam was born and raised, they use a single and more precise word for the prophetic quality of his words.

"The hwyf," they say. "He has the hwyf." The word, pronounced "hoo-ehl," dates back to the great Methodist revival meetings of the last century when an evangelist, warming to his subject, would suddenly change the pitch of his voice until he was almost singing in a terse and emotional heightening of language. The hwyf, the spirit, had seized him, and the converts would line up to declare their salvation at the pulpit.

Woosnam does not actually sing, but when moved to talk about the soccer paradise that awaits the U.S.A. if it follows the righteous path, his accent takes on the singsong Welsh rhythm that otherwise seems to have eroded away after

more than a decade in this country. Outwardly, Woosnam is an urbane, well-tailored, self-possessed man who looks younger than his 44 years. Inwardly a passion glows.

The Welsh, from a sportingly passionate nation, would find nothing strange in this. What they might find extraordinary is that this fervor has been channeled into soccer. Rugby is the national game. Normally, a boy with the stamina, skilful movement and speed that Woosnam demonstrated early in life would scarcely have been given the chance to kick a round ball. He would have been drafted, a natural scrum half-back, into the nearest rugby team. But Woosnam was born not in the rugby proving grounds of steelworks and coal mines but on a remote farm in the green and pastoral county of Montgomeryshire, a couple of miles outside the little vil-





Looking distinctly up for the game: Woosnam is on hand at New Jersey's Meadowlands as Cosmos Giorgio Chinaglia (left) and Pelé do some headwork

lage of Cuersws. Dangerously near the English border, a Welsh rugby fan would tell you, right on the banks of the Severn River, which a little to the south becomes the border itself.

Exposed to these alien influences, young Woosnam cycled 12 miles to school every day and played soccer. He was small. At 14 he was still under 5 feet. But biking up and down the Montgomeryshire hills gave him, he believes now, the exceptional endurance he showed as a player, his high work rate and possibly his slow heartbeat—about 39. He did well at soccer, representing Wales both at schoolboy and under-18 levels. And then he did something else out of pattern for an athlete of his promise. He went to the University of Wales and graduated in physics. In Europe, physicists do not normally become pro soccer players. The graduate schools of

the latter are Glasgow tenements or Rotterdam docks.

Even more unusual, while still at the university, he played for an English First Division club, Manchester City, one of the last occasions when an amateur played in the major league. That was in 1951. Manchester wanted to sign Woosnam as a pro, but he still had his military service to perform. He was commissioned in the Royal Artillery and customarily would have been posted to a gunnery range in the Welsh mountains, where the C.O. was a sports nut who permitted no weekend passes for athletes because he wanted them playing on camp teams. But Woosnam's papers somehow got mixed up. He was assigned to a somewhat relaxed unit in London, which was happy for him to play each weekend for a pro team, Leyton Orient, during the whole of his two years of service.

After teaching high school physics for two years, he had a distinguished playing career. For West Ham and later for Aston Villa, Woosnam won 17 international selections for Wales, mostly as a midfielder. By 1966 he felt he had his career well figured out. He had already qualified as a staff coach with the English Football Association and he reckoned he still had two good playing years left in him before he switched from the field to management.

"I wanted a London club," he says now, "preferably Chelsea. They had some great young players coming up but they needed an older head, a general, to organize them. I did some TV work at the 1966 World Cup as a color commentator and I kind of spread the word that I was looking for something new. But nothing came to the surface except some strange, vague feeler from the U.S.A. I

continued

was only just aware that soccer existed there. So I called Clive Toye, who was writing soccer for the *London Daily Express* and who I knew had U.S. contacts.

"After that, things happened fast. I talked to some people from Atlanta who had come to England. Then I found myself talking to the same people in New York—at the Waldorf Astoria. They took me down to Atlanta and offered me the position of coach on their new team. We shook hands on it and I flew home again.

"That was on Sunday night. On Tuesday, I drove up to the training session at the Aston Villa ground and I asked to speak to the manager, Dick Taylor. 'Look,' I told him, 'I've been over in the States and ...'

" 'We've been trying to reach you,' Taylor interrupted. 'Tommy Doc's been calling you.' Tommy Docherty was then Chelsea's manager. 'He wants to buy you and Tony Hateley.'

"The previous season, Taylor had pushed Tony and me up forward as twin strikers. We got 48 goals, more than any other pair in the league. Our last game was against Chelsea and we got another

couple there. Now Docherty wanted us very much. It was all over the papers in England, too. Nobody could imagine we'd turn the offer down. But Docherty was slow to move. I'd shaken hands in Atlanta. I felt terrible. Chelsea was what I wanted more than anything. I would have loved to have ended my playing career in London. But it was not to be. ..."

Early in 1967 Woonnam brought his family over here and they bought a house in Atlanta. The house they chose was on a dead-end street, because one of the first things to throw him was the size of U.S. automobiles, which appalled him. So one of the first things that happened was that his 5-year-old was hit by a car. David lay in a coma for 22 days. He showed the first glimmer of consciousness when his father played him a tape recording of a children's party he'd gone to a week before the accident.

After an experience like that, a man of different character might have headed for home; indeed, he might never have gone to Atlanta at all on simply the strength of a handshake when a seemingly better alternative awaited him in

London. But the tenacity of Woonnam's soccer style carried over into his life, no more so than when the American soccer experiment seemed to be collapsing around his ears, as it did at the end of the 1968 season, less than two years after his arrival in the U.S.

There had been some good moments before that, however, notably, Atlanta's league championship and its double defeat in 1968 of the reigning English First Division champions, Manchester City. "We beat them 3-2," Woonnam remembers. "And Malcolm Allison, the coach at the time, popping off as he was wont to do, said it was a freak result, that we were a bunch of fourth-division huns and that it couldn't happen again. There was no other meeting planned, but it so happened that a Mexican game Manchester was due to play got called off. So they came back 10 days later and we beat them again, 2-1." A satisfied smile indicates that Woonnam still savors the moment. "We won the championship that year," he says, "and then came the November meeting in Chicago to set up the 1969 season at which Detroit announced they wouldn't be continuing. Then, over a six-week period, things crumbled. At a meeting in Atlanta in January, of the 10 teams that had been at Chicago only five said they were willing to carry on for another year. At the end of that meeting the survivors invited me to act as the executive director of the league."

At this point a sensible man would have headed for the nearest airline office. Two English First Division clubs had offered Woonnam a managerial post. The choice confronting him looked like that between accepting a bishopric on comfortable home territory and undertaking evangelical work in a country where spare rib of missionary was apt to be the *plat du jour*. The new executive director was invited to work out of a dressing room in the basement of Atlanta Stadium with Toye, then a league official and now president of the New York Cosmos. Meantime, the Kansas City franchise was suggesting that players travel to games by bus.

But Woonnam's crusading spirit won out. "We hadn't failed because of the sport," Woonnam says, "we failed because the wrong circumstances prevailed. We had to work to change the circumstances. In my heart I knew the sport was good enough." So Woonnam started to work, taking as his avowed model the

continued



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NFL. "I felt that soccer must emulate it," he says. "When our game was at its lowest ebb, I thought it would take 10 years to reach somewhere near the NFL level. We haven't done that but we are well on our way." This is not an immodest statement. The NASL is the one league that has come back after disaster struck. Its second chance is the measure of Woosnam's doggedness.

The doggedness has been mixed with a little luck at times. After the '68 retreat from Chicago, one of the league's principal aims was to get back to New York, where the Generals had been one of the five unwilling to carry on. Not only physically, with a new headquarters there, but also with a new franchise. And having lost the Generals, it could not possibly risk dying in the city again. David Frost, who had by then made his reputation as an English broadcaster, seemed a ripe prospect as an investor, having an avowed interest in soccer. Frost's attorney turned the deal down but pointed Woosnam vaguely toward Warner Communications. This was in the summer of 1970, when the World Cup was being held in Mexico. And at a World Cup cocktail party in Mexico City, who should Woosnam spot but Nesuhi Ertegun, chairman of the record division at Warner Communications. Woosnam backed him into a corner in the style he'd so often used to block an opposing striker's path to the goal. Essentially, by dinnertime Warner was on the road to becoming the new owner of the New York Cosmos.

More often, though, it is persistence that has brought Woosnam success. With an Eastern base secured, it was his plan to expand to the West Coast, and for viability he needed four solid franchise deals. By August of 1973, he had three of them: Vancouver, Seattle and Los Angeles. But those three had specified that by the first of December a fourth franchise owner would have to be found, failing which they would withdraw. September, October and most of November passed. "I'd dealt with so many people in the Bay Area," Woosnam says. "I'd get them to a point, then they'd back out. As Dec. 1 crept on me I was left with two prospects: a group in San Francisco connected with the hotel business and Milan Mandaric, the president and founder of Luca Corp., an electronics firm. The hotel people were about 60% there. I reckoned Mandaric kept saying,

'I don't want to do it this year. I want to wait until next year and then I want to go to San Jose.'"

"That was the situation on Nov. 29, I brought the two parties together and left them in a hotel room in San Francisco to see if they could somehow combine. I just couldn't get any answer out of them that day. But I called up Mandaric at 9 a.m. on the 30th, and maybe he was suspicious that the other crowd would take the whole lot because he said, 'O.K., I'll take it this year so long as you let me go into San Jose.'"

"I couldn't tell you how I felt. 'You're on,' I said. 'You've got it.' I think that of all the decisions made by owners, that was the most important for the NASL. Two of the clubs in the West—Seattle and San Jose—took off straight away, in their first season, 1974. And it was then, I think, that the country started to see the light. But I still shudder to think what would have happened if Milan hadn't made up his mind that morning."

Spectacular decisions aside, the NASL's present professionalism, its big-league approach, owes much to Woosnam's attention to detail. Each club has a book of rules, its operations manual, which lays down minimum standards. And the commissioner has been known to be as particular that the specified number of bars of soap and clean towels are available in dressing rooms as that the field is properly marked.

All this implies a work ethic that would appall the American Heart Association. On Monday and Tuesday, Woosnam normally drives into New York from suburban Scarsdale, reaching his Sixth Avenue office by 8 a.m. Usually he is still there 12 hours later. Wednesdays he sets out on his travels. A recent schedule was no more than typical. 7:30 a.m., leave La Guardia for Indianapolis to meet potential franchise holders at 11 a.m. At 2 p.m., leave Indianapolis for Denver and a meeting with a blue-jeans manufacturer with a franchise interest. That night, leave for San Francisco for a Thursday breakfast chat with a man interested in a Sacramento deal. Leave San Francisco overnight for a 2 p.m. press conference in Honolulu, help boost attendance for the weekend game and meet the governor. Friday, another overnight flight to Las Vegas for the Cosmos game there. Home for Sunday evening dinner with next week to look forward to: two days in the office, then Kansas City, Mem-

phis, Seattle, Portland, Seattle again, then back to New York to oversee a dummy TV run covering the Cosmos-Rochester game. Miles flown a year: 200,000. Days on the road: 250.

A terrifying life pattern, you might think. But Woosnam would not agree that the pace is at all inhuman. "It is the best and the most exciting job in the world, bringing the greatest game here," he says on the plane to Indianapolis. He is at work before the so ~~showing~~ sign is switched off. Figures fly across a yellow legal pad, already on his knee. "Look," he says, "Indianapolis is perfect. It is one of the top 20 population centers in the country. In fact it's the 17th. It has no major league sport. [The NBA's Pacers somehow got lost in his recital.] Most of the big cities have finished building their stadiums, but Indianapolis' is still to come. Soccer would slot in beautifully with football." The visionary takes over. "Ten years from now soccer could be the major tenant. Ten football games, 20 soccer. Think of a stadium like the one they're planning in Buenos Aires for the World Cup..."

For a moment, somewhere over Pennsylvania, Woosnam falls into a doze, a light film of sweat on his forehead. Then he's awake again, sorting through his briefcase for the papers he'll use in his presentation. "We already have two groups circling," he says. "One of these men today will be a tough one. He got burned a little on the Pacers' basketball operation..."

The meeting will be at the airport hotel. If there were such a sport as Woosnam-hunting, you'd first send the hounds in to finish the nearest airport hotel, it being the quarry's natural habitat. Or maybe you could decoy him with a Chamber of Commerce or a mayor's committee meeting. This group, though, is made up of private citizens. Deceptively downtown.

There is a quiet enough start for the Gospel according to Philip. He talks of the audience that soccer is reaching for—middle class, with women well represented: the power of soccer to attract the young, the lack of necessity to invest in expensive equipment, the fact that you don't need a giant's physique. The yellow pad comes out again, the figures fly. Always the money comparisons are with the NFL, with the growth potential of soccer. The metaphors can get a little mixed. "We're the last man on the

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BLUE SKIES continued

block." "the first on the horizon." "all the ducks are lined up") but the message is plain and it is forceful, because of the naked belief that Woosnam himself exhibits. "The next Pelé," he tells them, "is already running about in Alabama."

And, infallibly, that leads to the clouds scudding away, to the blue skies shining and the World Cup vision.

When Phil Woosnam was playing soccer himself, just about the time when the traditional long shorts and the military haircuts were giving way to Custer mustachios and mid thigh briefs, he was noted among the cognoscenti as a player's player, a constructor, an analyst of the game. And when asked how, in his 44 years, he has managed to succeed as a physicist, a schoolmaster, an athlete, a coach and finally as an administrator and propagandist, he alludes to his academic discipline.

"Basically I have always been a scientist," he will tell you. "I have always felt that everything can be rationalized, has a logical explanation. I'm a problem solver. In a game, if there was a breakdown in the team, I was in midfield to solve it. Philosophically, as I was in soccer, I am a midfielder and a leader. And, I hope, a lifter of people around me. I sell this game because once I believe in something and it makes sense to me, I will make it happen. This sport will take off. There is absolutely no way that it will not bypass everything else. This country will be the center of world soccer. In the '80s there will be a maula for the game here. There will be three to five million kids playing it. The NASL will be the world's No. 1 soccer league. And it will be the biggest sports league in the U.S.A."

It would be easy to interpret the fervor as part of a super sales pitch. In the monochromatic Indianapolis hotel room, though, the group he is addressing is well capable of distinguishing between the meretricious and the genuine, and whatever they may decide to do in the end, they are in no doubt that what they are hearing is undeniably genuine.

But what they don't know is that they have been exposed to a magic ray from the Celtic twilight. And that if soccer does come to their city, indeed if it succeeds in taking over the United States, it will be partly because of an abstraction that no one in Indianapolis could possibly pronounce.

The *hwyf* will have been at work **END**

It is one more irony that no one much listened to Muhammad Ali when he had something important to say (about Vietnam) but now, when he is little more than an unremitting bore, he is everywhere to be heard. His tired old act, as worn out as his fists, drags on all the doggerel, the braggadocio, the cruel personal insults and the tasteless public prayer chants (which no Christian or Jewish athlete would dare inflict upon a captive TV audience). Bad enough we must continue to suffer all this, but now we must endure Ali on the silver screen, competing with Ali in real life, driven for driven.

The Greatest, starring Ali in the self-proclaimed title role, is barely more than a freshman survey course on the subject. Without any point of view but unadulterated adulation, it merely traces the career of the champion, remaining faithful to all his verbal tedium, while distilling from the product any of the real essence of this extraordinary and complex man.

Because the film is so inconsequential, its dreary passage can be relieved only by an isolated study of the star himself, playing himself. It is a pleasure to report here what a magnificent success Ali is as an actor. For this we may be grateful, because the other characters do not possess any definition whatsoever. The women are dichotomized—either utterly chaste or wantonly debauched. All white people are greedy bigots—well, except the kindly, befuddled Angelo Dundee character. What an incredibly intriguing figure Dundee has truly been, this honored white speck in the eye of the black hurricane. But in *The Greatest*, Dundee (as portrayed by Ernest Borgnine, above) comes off rather like a white version of the old plantation black retainer, shuffling about handling mouthpieces instead of finger bowls. Of the lesser characters—and an awful lot of good actors have been sucker-punched by their agents here—only Roger E. Mosley, as Sonny Liston, commands himself.

When Mosley is scowling about, the film crackles. Otherwise, it plods along, episodically linear, like a comic strip. Sadly, both Ali's conversion to Islam and his refusal to be drafted—crucial milestones in his life—are treated no differently, it seems, from another couple of

bouts with Jerry Quarry. The whole film—the script, the directing, the photography—never strives to create drama by itself. The thing simply lies back, in a rope-a-dope, if you will, and obliges us to remember the real events, to conjure up drama for ourselves. If the only purpose of *The Greatest* was to re-create Ali's career, it should have been done as a documentary. As it is, this film gives us the worst of both worlds: it is shallower than what we really saw happen, while also failing to add the greater perception that comes with time and distance.

And then, to the simple end of hero worship, the film advances Ali well along the path to beatification. His hard, brave—and real—defeat by Joe Frazier is passed off as a result of his not being in shape. He is portrayed without qualification as a sensitive and devoted husband to one woman, Belinda, who was in fact his second wife and whom he publicly humiliated in the Philippines before siring a celebrated love child with his mistress. The saddest defeat comes when Herbert Muhammad, Ali's manager, tells yet another bad white guy, "Almost every black fighter in the history of boxing ended up broke. This is not going to happen to Ali." So why does he go on, scratching for payday against stuff?

Of all our sports personalities, Ali needs least to be sanitized. But *The Greatest* is just a big vapid valentine, it took a dive. A genuine film about this unique man and his times must wait until Ali can no longer indulge himself as star and censor alike.

ENO



**ALI'S FLICK
NO CLICK—
FEW FACTS,
MUCH CLACK**

He's a one-man Hurricane

Under its archpromoter Ron Fraser, Miami has stormed the college game

Leggy dancing girls, wearing outside vinyl baseballs on their heads, did a high-kick routine at second base. Mel Allen's still sturdy voice, brought out of semiretirement, welcomed Ted Williams and broadcast the game. Williams was brought in from center field on a motorized facemask of a baseball glove to bat out the first ball. He batted out five of them, every one a line drive to right. A sellout crowd roared and stomped its 8,792 feet. Ron Fraser smiled. Just another day in the life of college baseball's most unusual coach.

The occasion was no more earthshaking than last week's opening round (South Regional) of the NCAA baseball

tournament at the University of Miami. For Miami's Fraser, however, it was an opportunity to make another mountain out of a molehill. Evidence of his ability to capitalize on such chances in the past was all around. The girls kicked their heels on a \$350,000 Tarian surface that Fraser had promoted onto the premises. Among colleges, only the University of Texas has a similar field. Williams' curly hair was illuminated by thousands of quartz bulbs, and the glorious successes of the Miami team glittered from a new electronic scoreboard. The \$100,000 lighting system and scoreboard were coaxed from a single donor named (sure enough) George Light. The fans whooped it up in what is usually referred to in Miami as the "showcase million-dollar stadium." Mark Light Field (after George's son) Fraser christened the place last February by throwing a \$5,000-a-plate black-tie dinner, honoring (besides himself) his various financial angels.

In the history of college sport, it is safe to assume no one else ever held a \$5,000-a-plate dinner. Certainly not on an infield rug. With violinists strolling. And goldfish swimming in free-form pools. And truffles flown in from the Black Forest to go with the pheasant and peeled grapes. And seven varieties of high-priced spirits (including the brandy in the Charlotte russe) to neutralize an unseasonable cold snap.

One would think that the Miami team would be at the vortex of all this tangible adulation. The Hurricanes, with a 41-11 record, were ranked No. 1 in the nation going into last week's tournament. Miami had little trouble with Morehead State or Ole Miss, but No. 14-rated Clemson was much tougher, beating the Hurricanes in two of three games and spoiling their hopes of going to the College World Series. Never mind all that. Appearances lie. The story at Miami, as it has been for some time now, is Fraser, and it is nothing of not inspirational.

At 41, Fraser has been coach of the Hurricanes since 1963, the year George Mira was finishing his Miami career as an All-America quarterback. One afternoon shortly after his arrival, Fraser heard a muffled popping behind a decaying wooden dugout and went around to find the source. It was Mira, having an impromptu catch with a friend. Unexposed to intercollegiate sports for three years

while directing the national baseball program in Holland, Fraser did not know Mira. "You pitch baseball?" he asked Mira said he had, in high school. "You throw harder than anybody I've got. Say, how would you...?"

A newsmen standing nearby took in the episode and, in the late editions, revealed Fraser's hopes for making Mira a baseball star. The next day, Andy Gustafson, then Miami's football coach and athletic director, summoned Fraser to his office and gave him a list of football players "free to play baseball, too." Mira's name was not on it. Fraser says he "got the message."

In essence, the message was that life at the bottom was grim. Fraser's salary was \$2,200 a year. To achieve poverty level, he moonlighted as athletic director of the Coral Gables Youth Center, a position that allowed him not only to eat but also to "borrow" equipment for his sparsely outfitted Miami team. He says he was "too dumb to recognize a lost cause." The school gave him five tuition-only scholarships, which, by careful dicing, he parceled out among 21 players. When he asked for recruiting money, he was told to "do the best you can." He wrote a lot of letters.

He wrote them from a concrete cell-like cubicle that opened into the locker room. A solitary light hung down. One day while cleaning up his "office," Fraser found a discarded blueberry-brandy bottle. Hall of Famer Jimmy Foxx had coached Miami for a while when he was down on his luck. The sight of Miami's team did not necessarily drive Foxx so drunk, but he was not loath to take a bottle to the bench on game days. Fraser's immediate predecessor, Whitie Campbell, "just upped and left, without a word."

Fortunately for Miami, Fraser was not unacquainted with hard times. The son of a Nutley, N.J., prizefighter who died young, he was raised on "cornstarch pudding and Brooklyn street fights" and spent many of his "happy younger days" in the Bonnie Brae summer camp for boys. "They shaved my head for lice and let me play, and I didn't know it was supposed to be terrible," he says. "One of my teachers told me it was a miracle I didn't wind up in jail."

Instead, Fraser wound up at Florida State with a partial scholarship to pitch

continued



Fraser's first tongue—and team—are both tops

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Lords tipped here.

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baseball. He made ends meet by changing the bottles in the campus Coke machines and by selling homemade sandwiches in the sorority houses. "I'd cut the hologna so thin you could see through it," he recalls. "Then I'd put the sandwiches in boxes and leave them at the houses just before the 11 p.m. curfew, with signs saying 25¢ SPICE and if you STEAL FROM ME, YOU STEAL FROM GOD."

Fraser pitched well at FSU, but an arm injury he incurred in the service put an end to his professional ambitions. After coaching the Dutch team to the European championship, he came back to the States with an offer to become the statistician for "a new major league team, the Mets. I called Danny Litwhiler, my old coach at FSU. He said, 'Heck, you don't want to do that. The Mets will never last. Besides, they're owned by a woman.'"

Litwhiler advised Fraser to get into college coaching, "on the ground floor if need be." Joe McDonald took the Mets' job. McDonald is now their general manager. Fraser went to the ground floor at Miami.

From humble beginnings, he progressed steadily toward a humble future. He taped bats and nailed broken bats, and in his concrete dungeon, he bagged popcorn and peanuts for sale during games. No task or trick was beneath him. He scrubbed old baseballs with Pcl milk, a renewing process he had learned in Holland. When dry, the balls turned a lustrous white. Sometimes they turned in other ways. On an exceptionally hot Miami day, an Ohio State pitcher put a ball to his nose and called time. The Ohio State coach came out and sniffed, too. Then he yelled to Fraser, "What the hell's going on?" The milk. Fraser tried to explain. Had soured in the heat.

But in time Fraser began to turn some heads, not because he kept winning—he has never had a losing team—but because he was always up to something. He painted the bases orange, green and white—the school colors. He scrounged unfinished stools and painted them green and put 15—count 'em, 15—but girls in short shorts and sunbuck blouses on the stools. The girls sashayed after foul balls and discarded bats, showing off their tails. "We got our first national publicity," Fraser beams, "and a fringe benefit. When the bat boys used to chase the fouls, the fans always kept the balls. They said, 'To hell with you guys.' When the girls came around, they said, 'Here, honey.'"



Fraser (center) got his angels to pay \$5,000 a plate to attend the opening of his new ball park.

He lured fans with Bat Days, not giving away the full-size models but 16-inch miniatures he got gratis from manufacturers. In "return for some press," MacGregor supplied the team with green gloves. A color photograph appeared in the Miami Herald, and Charlie Finley called, wanting to know where Fraser got the gloves. He lined up a parachute—"a kid, not a pro; we couldn't afford a pro"—to float down in a Miami uniform on an opening day. The chute got caught in a tricky crosswind and landed near U.S. 1. "He'll have to pay his way in," said Fraser glumly.

His players took to calling him "Puff," only partly because he had a heavy cigarette habit. His well-orchestrated cons and shameless media pandering raised more than a few eyebrows in the school's academic circles, not to mention the noises from his fellow coaches. "Pure jealousy," says Miami News columnist John Crittenden, a longtime admirer. "Fraser is so far removed from anything they can imagine. He's just in another room, that's all."

Today even Fraser's peers have come to appreciate him. Robin Roberts, now

coaching at the University of South Florida, says he would like to see Fraser quit Miami "and help the rest of us build programs." But Dr. Henry King Stanford, the Miami president, won't let Fraser go. He keeps raising his salary and calling him things like "a 190-pound ball of dynamic, intelligent innovation." Stanford, who thought "baseball was organized procrastination, until I met Ron Fraser," sits on the bench at home games, wearing a U.M. cap and applauding eagerly.

Sitting on the bench is no big deal at Miami. People drop by all the time, usually to chat with Fraser, who never turns a deaf ear. "He doesn't even know most of them," says Assistant Coach Skip Benjamin, "but he's always looking for new friends. I finally had to get him to coach third base, because every time I looked to get a sign he'd be talking to somebody. Last year at Florida State somebody threw a chunk of ice that knocked him cold. He was lying on the bench, woozy, when a kid came up for an autograph. Ron got up and told the kid how nice it was to see him, and when the kid left, he swooned again. He had to be hospitalized."

Fraser now feeds his family (wife Lee and three daughters) on a \$24,000 salary he augments with a slick baseball year-book that friends help him produce, and Ron Fraser's Sports Camp that friends help him run. He drives a new Buick, replaced every six months by a friendly dealer. His office is still in the same spot, but is paneled and glistens with stylish bric-a-brac and trophies (including his Coach of the Year award for 1974). A door has been kicked through to the outside, allowing him to have a secretary as well as the full-time assistant. The program is now budgeted at \$154,000 a year, guaranteeing the team an adequate number of new balls—or an unlimited supply of Pet milk.

Fraser recently turned down a \$42,000 front-office job with a major league team. He says he first wants to win a national championship at Miami. His teams, playing at a .720 clip, have won 40 games or more for the past five years. They play in season and out, making winter trips to Latin America as guests of countries there. Fraser does not have to write supplicating letters anymore. Talented, ambitious players call him, Rick Montoni, Miami's best hitter this season (.415), paid his way from Naugatuck, Conn. to get a shot. "If you want football, it's Notre Dame. If you want baseball, it's Miami," says Pitcher Steve Lerner, who had his pick of colleges east of the Mississippi. Both Montoni and Lerner are hot prospects.

The current Miami team is not typical of Fraser's, however. Instead of "scratching and clawing" for runs in Fraser's scratching, clawing image, the Hurricanes set school batting (.315) and home-run (40) records and consistently scored in double figures. Montoni has hit five grand slams. Freshman First Baseman Jim Maler became the team's all-time home-run champion with 11.

The irony is inescapable. Maler is also a starting outside linebacker on the Miami football team. On a day when he was to compete in a spring scrimmage, Maler played baseball instead. Fraser did not gloat. In fact, he said it spoiled "a great chance to get some good press. I was going to shuffle Maler back and forth in a carpeted van, with a stereo blaring and his girls feeding him snacks."

One afternoon when the football team was practicing on the baseball team's rug, Dr. Stanford asked Fraser to propose a way to help promote football out of its re-

cent slump at Miami. Fraser said, "Offhand, Dr. Stanford, it's hard to say. But I think I'd be tempted to put a booth near the main gates at the Orange Bowl. If the ticket buyers didn't like the game, they could go for a refund. Boy, it would make every paper in the country. With pictures."

Fraser thinks his idea "might have been a little frightening" because he never got a response to it. But he wishes he had gone further.

"The secret," he says, "would be to have a guy in the booth who didn't work too fast. And once the cameras were gone, you'd close the window."

THE WEEK

(May 15-21)

by LARRY KEITH

AL EAST The future of Frank Robinson, major league baseball's first and only black manager, has become perilous. As Cleveland's (2-3) season-long slump continued, there were increasing indications that Robinson is on his way out. General Manager Phil Seghi has already contacted California Coach Dave Garcia about the job, but Garcia, who worked under Robinson last season, reportedly turned it down. President Ted Bonda said "only a miracle" could save Robinson. "You can't fire 25 players," Bonda added.

Despite all the rumors in another losing week, Robinson remained calm. "I still believe I'm an effective manager," he said. "The players respect me and my authority. I'm doing the best job I can."

Baltimore (3-3) lost and then regained first place by ending a three-game losing streak with 6-5 and 4-3 wins over New York. "I guess a lot of people are surprised at us," said Manager Earl Weaver. "But I keep telling everyone we're a pretty good club."

Pretty good, it seems, even without an effective Jim Palmer. Though he had no serious physical problems, Palmer was bombed twice. He allowed four runs, two hits and five walks in less than two innings against Seattle, and in his next start against New York gave up five runs, eight hits and six walks in 4½ innings. When Weaver pulled his ace the second time, the two exchanged words on the mound. "He's being too fine, and I told him that to try to help him," Weaver said later. "That upset him. He's not getting that first pitch in there and he's overthrowing, but he doesn't want to listen to me."

While Palmer did not want to listen, New York Manager Billy Martin did not want to

talk. Following the 4-3 12-inning loss to Baltimore that dropped the Yankees (2-4) into third place, Martin avoided the postgame interview ritual because "There are certain games you just can't talk about. I was mad. I know Billy Martin." Earlier, New York had beaten Baltimore 9-1 on Ed Fingers's fifth straight complete-game victory.

Boston (3-2) took over second place for the first time this year, at one point, the Red Sox were in a virtual tie for first, only .005 behind Baltimore. The Sox' good play overshadowed the grooming of Pitcher Luis Tiant, who feels he cannot be effective in Manager Don Zimmer's five-man rotation. After yielding three runs in the first three innings of a 15-7 loss to Milwaukee, Tiant asked to be removed, "because I didn't want to be murdered." Later, he explained, "I can't get anybody out when I only pitch once a week. I have no control—nothing." Brewer Rightfielder Sisto Lezcano, on the other hand, seemed to be getting everybody out, as he tied the major league record with 10 putouts.

The Red Sox won the next day, coming from three runs behind in the ninth to triumph 10-9. The winning run came on an error by Milwaukee (4-3) Third Baseman Don Money, but earlier in the week Money had beaten Detroit on a squeeze play. Biggest news for Milwaukee, though, was Outfielder-DH Dan Thomas being sent down to the minors. With a .271 average, Thomas had been one of the better players on the team despite holding religious convictions that caused him to miss games between sundown Friday and sundown Saturday.

A game that did not count was the best thing that happened to Detroit (3-3) all week. Mark Fidrych, sidelined since spring training with a knee injury, worked seven strong innings in a 4-1 exhibition victory over Cincinnati. Fidrych allowed four hits and one run, struck out three and walked only one.

The rookie pitching phenom of this year may be Jerry Gaym of Toronto (3-3). Roy Howell's ninth-inning home run gave Gaym a 4-3 complete-game victory over Texas and a 6-1 record. Headed in the other direction is veteran Bill Singer, who had his shoulder examined after a 5-3 loss to Milwaukee that dropped his record to 2-6.

BALT 10-14 BOS 10-15 NY 20-16 MIL 20-12
DET 16-20 TOR 17-22 CLE 13-21

AL WEST Minnesota (3-3) arrived to play California (5-1) last week with a five-game winning streak, a two-game division lead, a .286 team batting average and a scoring output of almost six runs per game. "The Angels' pitchers may slow us down," declared Manager Gene Mauch confidently, "but they won't stop us."

Oh, yeah. As it turned out, California's pitchers stopped the Twins colder than a Minnesota Viking. Frank Tanana and Nolan Ryan

continued

hurled their seventh and eighth complete games of the season with 3-0 and 5-3 victories, and Gary Ross and Dave LaRoche combined to make it three in a row with a 5-1 win. Minnesota batters suffered through one stretch of 20 innings without a run.

Tanana's victory was his third shutout of the year, and Ryan's 12 strikeouts enabled him to tie Sam McDowell's American League record of 74 games with 10 or more whiffs.

Chicago held on to second place despite a 2-3 week. Oscar Giamble hit home runs in both of the wins (7-4 and 8-3) over Kansas City, giving him two opportunities to show off his new easy-does-it circuit trot. Third Baseman Eric Soderholm, enjoying a second life in Chicago after a knee injury in Minnesota, was 4 for 4 in the 7-4 game. Soderholm has a sign over his locker that says DON'T EVER COMPLAIN. YOU'RE GETTING A SECOND CHANCE AFTER YOU COULDN'T PLAY AT ALL. So who's complaining?

Standout performances by Willie Horton, Doyle Alexander and Gaylord Perry gave Texas (2-3) three straight wins. Horton smashed three homers in a 7-3 victory over Kansas City. Alexander increased his record to 5-1 by beating the Tigers 3-1 and Perry stopped Detroit 6-3. After allowing three runs in the first inning, the 38-year-old Perry settled down and retired the last 18 batters.

In his first start of the year, Dave Pagan struck out eight, walked one and allowed only six hits in defeating Oakland 3-0 and giving Seattle (4-2) only its third complete game of the year. Earlier, the Mariner hitters dominated, pounding Baltimore for 18 hits and 18 runs in consecutive victories.

Rookie Third Baseman Wayne Gross slammed his 10th and 11th homers as Oakland (2-4) beat New York 8-4 and Seattle 14-5. The A's lost a 15-inning game to the Yankees 5-2, even though Vida Blue retired 24 consecutive batters between the second and 10th innings.

Paul Spittord's 4-0 victory over Cleveland gave Kansas City (1-5) its only win.

MINN 24-14 CHI 22-14 TEX 16-16 CAL 10-20 KC 18-18 OAK 18-20 SEA 15-28

NL WEST Excuse us, please, but is that Cincinnati Manager Sparky Anderson finally showing strain because his team is 11½ games behind Los Angeles? It certainly looked that way when Anderson was ejected for the first time this year in a game against Pittsburgh.

What happened was that Anderson tried to convince First Base Umpire Paul Pryor that Pitcher Terry Forster was balking. "Your eyes are in Hawaii," Anderson shouted. "Why don't you sit next to me right here? You're not doing much out there."

After Pryor shook back—and refused to call a balk—Anderson tossed a batting helmet out of the dugout. That was cause for an

ejection and an automatic fine for Anderson, who made matters worse for himself by racing onto the field. "You're getting in trouble," warned the umpire.

"Trouble? Trouble? What do you know about trouble?" yelled Anderson. "My team is 14-19. That's trouble."

Ironically, the Reds went on to win the game 8-3, but Anderson said afterward, "I knew it was coming. It was building up. I've been sitting there holding my tongue. And let me tell you, we've had some stinking calls."

Even with a 4-1 week, Cincinnati could not gain any ground on the Dodgers (5-2). Led by Reggie Smith, Los Angeles was on a home-run hitting binge, smacking 11 in the seven games. Smith had four of them, giving him 11 for the year. The long ball helped Don Sutton and Rick Rhoden to their sixth wins, and Burt Hooton and Tommy John to their fourth.

Atlanta (4-2) recovered from its dismal stretch of 19 losses in 20 games by winning four straight. It all began with a miracle comeback against St. Louis, when the Braves, propelled by Gary Matthews' grand slam, scored 14 runs in the last four innings to win 15-12. The next time out they came from behind again. Bill Poceruba pinch-hitting a slam with two out in the ninth to beat Montreal 9-6. Poceruba hit another homer in a 10-8 victory on Wednesday. On Thursday, Phil Niekro, 1-7 coming into the game, finally got his knuckler working and allowed only three hits to beat Chicago 6-0. Atlanta returned to earth in the next two games, losing to the Cubs.

After Chicago beat San Diego 9-6 and 23-6, the Padres (3-3) won three straight against Montreal. Merv Rettenmund had eight RBIs in the victories, three of them coming on a home run in the 21st inning.

Cliff Johnson played an important part in all three Houston (3-3) wins. Johnson had two homers and three RBIs in a 5-2 defeat of St. Louis, two hits and a run scored in a 3-2 victory over Philadelphia, and another homer and two more runs scored in a 5-2 beating of the Phillies.

John Montefusco's record dropped to 2-7 when San Francisco (1-5) lost to St. Louis 8-5.

LA 30-9 CIN 17-19 HOUS 16-22 SD 17-24 SF 14-23 ATL 13-26

NL EAST Pittsburgh is hot, but Chicago is hotter (page 16). While the Pirates (3-3) were trying to fend off two toughies—Los Angeles and Cincinnati—from the Western Division, the Cubs (6-1) stormed to within a half game of the Eastern lead. It was the third straight week in which Chicago lost only one game, but even though the 16-3 surge has rocketed the Cubs from fifth place, they have picked up only two games on Pittsburgh.

Chicago began the week by sweeping a

doubleheader from Montreal 4-3 and 4-2, a modest start considering what was to come. The Cubs won four of their next five games by the resounding scores of 9-6, 23-6, 13-4 and 9-3.

The 23-6 explosion against San Diego represented the most runs Chicago has scored in a game since 1954. Two of the Cubs' team-record tying seven home runs were struck by First Baseman Larry Bittner, who had not hit an since August 23, 1975. Leftfielder Gene Clines, subbing for injured Jose Cardenal, was a week-long batting star, with two homers, 13 RBIs (five in the 9-6 game) and 11 hits in 21 at bats.

The other teams in the division did not fare as well. Only New York (3-3) avoided a losing record. All of the Met victories came in a sweep of San Francisco that included a four-hitter by Jerry Kosman and a five-hit-

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

Gaylord Perry: By beating Detroit 6-3, he joined Cy Young and Jim Bunning as the only pitchers to win at least 100 games in each league. Perry, 234-192 in 15 seasons, earned 134 of his victories with the Giants.

ter by Jon Matlack. The 2-0 win by Matlack was his second straight shutout, but it was Second Baseman Lenny Randle who stole the show with un-Metlike, well-rounded play. He had three hits, provided some during base running and came up with a pair of nifty defensive plays.

St. Louis (2-3) had to know the kind of week it was going to be when it blew a 10-1 lead in a 15-12 loss to Atlanta. It ended on an even happier note. Manager Vern Rapp suspending Relief Pitcher Al Hrabosky for "sheer insubordination." Specifically, Hrabosky refused to meet with Rapp in the manager's office before an 8-5 win over San Francisco. But the two have been feuding since spring training, when Hrabosky strongly criticized Rapp's edict that everyone, Mad Hungarians included, had to trim their locks.

Just when it began to look as if Philadelphia (3-4) was making its move to the top, the Phillies ended a five-game winning streak with a four-game slide. The best part of the week was a 5-2 defeat of San Diego's Randy Jones, the team's first win over the Cy Young winner after seven losses dating back to 1975.

Montreal's losing streak reached 11 games, but the Expos (0-7) did not go down without a struggle. They lost a 21-inning, five-hour 33-minute game to San Diego by an 11-8 score, despite outpitching the Padres 25-13. The Expos left 23 men on base, including three in each of four innings.

PIT 24-12 CHI 23-12 ST. L 22-14 PHIL 18-17 NY 14-22 MONT 13-21

The smoker's guide to low-tar cigarettes.

With all the controversy about smoking going on, lots of smokers are deciding to switch to low-tar cigarettes.

But which low-tar cigarette should a switcher switch to?

Well, here's an easy guide to follow.

First, there are those so-called new cigarettes claiming scientific breakthrough and hyped-up flavor. Unfortunately there's nothing very revolutionary about the way they taste.

Next there are those brands that promise nothing but low-tar numbers. They're fine if low numbers are all you want. Because their scientific filters work so well, they filter out most of the taste.

Fortunately there is an alternative. Vantage. The low-tar cigarette that's different from all the others.

From the very beginning Vantage was designed to deliver flavor like a full-flavor cigarette with less tar than 95% of all cigarettes. So forget all those empty promises and go with the real flavor of Vantage.

It will probably turn out to be the only low-tar cigarette you'll enjoy.



Regular, Menthol,
and new Vantage 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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Dan Magill does not claim he runs the University of Georgia without assistance. Others suggest this, and may be forgiven for the well-intentioned exaggeration.

Georgia's on his mind

To say that Dan Magill is a man who wears many hats is to say that Lon Chaney had a flair for disguises. In addition to serving as tennis coach at the University of Georgia, where he is playing host to this week's NCAA championships, Magill is also:

- Georgia's full-time public-relations man and for 27 years its sports information director, which means that when a press release comes out on the tennis team, you can be sure it meets with the approval of the tennis coach.

- Secretary of Georgia's athletic fundraising organization, The Georgia Bulldog Club, and, therefore, a beleaguered Saturday evening telephone apologist whenever the football team loses a game.

- The self-proclaimed world's fastest two-finger typist (148 words per minute).

- A 10-time table tennis champion who once played a competitive point that lasted an hour and 58 minutes.

- The son of one of the first coeds to attend Georgia.

- The husband of Rosemary Magill, who earned a Phi Beta Kappa key at Georgia, which Magill sometimes wears on the road to fool people into thinking he's, well, a scholar.

- A building. 56-year-old son of the Old South whose accent makes Billy Carter sound like a Yankee.

Magill's record at Georgia, 420-112, makes him the second-winningest tennis coach in the country behind Dale Lewis of the Miami Hurricanes. But it was Magill's plans for turning this year's national tournament into a real money-maker, not his down-home personality or stature in the college tennis world, that persuaded the NCAA to hold its championships in Athens. In fact, if the NCAA likes what it sees of Magill's new stadium—its 3,500 seats make it the largest outdoor college tennis facility in the country—it may become the semi-permanent site of the tournament.

When Magill and Athens staged the NCAAs in 1972, conditions were dif-

ferent. In the minds of most Georgians tennis was still a game for sissies. Football—Fran Tarkenton, Vince Dooley and all that—was the only sport that mattered. The old tennis facility seated just a few hundred and, after expenses, the 1972 NCAA tournament made exactly \$52.06. Now, five years later, Magill has told the NCAA he hopes to gross as much as \$60,000.

To get an idea of what is going on in Athens this week, consider what happened to Southern Cal when it came to town to dedicate the stadium three weeks ago. The Trojans, 12-time national champions, were ranked No. 4 in the coaches' poll and had beaten Georgia 6-3 at the Wisconsin Indoor Championships in February. The Bulldogs' newly rabid tennis fans were primed for revenge—and in more ways than one. They started to arrive around noon for the 3 p.m. matches, and to combat temperatures in the high 80s, they brought coolers of beer with them. Magill got on the loudspeaker beforehand and said, "The builder of our new stadium told me there are more than 40,000 nuts and bolts in the stands. Today I think there are 3,000 more nuts, fellow Bulldogs."

It was pretty bad material, compared to Magill's usual wit, but the fans ate it up. They cheered the visitors' mistakes like a WTT crowd, but when a Georgia player made a good shot they chanted "Damn Good Team" in unison, as they do on football Saturdays in Sanford Stadium. They also slurped down so much beer that the school paper ran an editorial suggesting that the students' performance would once again depict all Georgians, except those now in the White House, as "notoriously rednecked, truck-driving, Pabst-drinking Good Old Boys and Girls."

Wimbledon it was not. But the scene so inspired the Bulldogs that they rose up and beat USC 5-3. The upset dropped the Trojans to the No. 8 seed for the NCAAs, a notch below upstart Georgia. UCLA is the tournament favorite, but Trinity (Texas), Stanford, Miami of Florida and SMU are all capable of winning the team competition.

"With the home-court advantage, my boys could be a big surprise," says Magill. "They're not spectacular. We don't have any future pros, I don't believe. But they are solid. I teach them that good position on the court is most

important, that they shouldn't be too eager to poach in doubles and that they should be good defensive players—the way I was in Ping-Pong."

Magill's marathon table tennis match took place in 1936 at an Athens YMCA where he spent the better part of his youth. Like most of the stories Magill tells about himself, this one could pass as a harmless piece of fiction if not for the documentation he provides. "If you want to check on the time of the point," he says, "just ask Dr. Milton Jarnagin, our referee. He was a Rhodes scholar. Ed Landau, now a lawyer, left the match with the score three-two and went to the movies. When he came back the score was still three-two. After nearly two hours of battling the ball back and forth, my opponent—Vernon Boatner—hit the end of the table with his shot. My return hit the net and fell backward, but I didn't hesitate a second even though I'd lost the point. I put the ball right back in play. It took us four days to complete the entire game, and I won 21-9. I don't recall it making the *Guinness Book of World Records*, but someone seems to remember seeing it in *Rapley's*."

Magill's players dearly love the man and gleefully recount various tales about him, including the allegation that he played college tennis at Georgia with his hand holding the racket way up near the throat, as though it were a Ping-Pong paddle.

"Coach is usually in great shape," says senior Tom von Dohlen, Georgia's No. 4 singles player. "But in the finals of the 50-and-over championships in Macon two years ago he was about to die after splitting the first two sets. He went to the fence and threw up for such a long time that his opponent walked off the court. Ten minutes later Coach comes back out muttering, 'All right, where are ya?' I'm ready." He won the third set and the match.

What with all his duties, Magill is often accused of running the university all by himself. This is only partly true. He is not the president of Georgia. He does, however, play tennis regularly with Dr. Fred C. Davison's executive assistant—just in case anything comes up that Magill can't handle.

"So far I've never had to ask for help," he says.

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ROWING / Dan Levin

A crew of husky Huskies

After Harvard avenged its lone defeat, trouncing Penn in the East, the Pac-8 inaugurated a regatta in which burly Washington clobbered Oregon State

A n eight-oared rowing shell is 14 inches deep and an eighth of an inch thick. Put 1,700 pounds of cosmonaut inside, have one of them belch at the wrong moment and you have 1,700 pounds of swimmers. So it is best that all commotion in rowing happens ashore. Call the latest star "The Case of the Missing Trophies." It began two weeks ago at the Western Sprints, held at Newport Beach, Calif. There were no trophies because, as one reporter wrote rather cryptically, "... last year's winners, Washington and California, refused to return them." Or even to show up and defend their titles. However, they did appear last weekend in a tidal lagoon at San Francisco Bay's Redwood Shores. And guess what Washington and California brought along with them?

They came to race in the first-ever Pacific Eight Conference Rowing Championships, which provided the latest answer to a persistent question: Where do you race hollowed-out, 63-foot toothpicks if you want ideal conditions? Strike out much of parched California. How do you feel about heavy water traffic or high winds? Skip the Western Sprints, in which last year a record 25 schools competed on Berkeley's blustery San Pablo reservoir. The wind came up at 10 a.m., and as Washington Coach Dick Erickson said to Cal Coach Steve Gladstone, "Who wants to row before breakfast?"

Erickson suggested the Pac-8 event. Gladstone agreed to it and so did the six other conference coaches. The developers of Redwood Shores, a planned community of pleasant waterfront homes, offered the use of their lagoon. A lot of non-conference coaches were not at all happy about the new event. The Sprints had always signified the Western championships, and though Washington and Cal were the traditional powers, their supremacy was not engraved on stone. Said Dennis Borsenberger, coach at the University of California at Santa Barbara,

"I wish the Pac-8 championships were open. I have an exceptional crew and I don't have a chance to prove it now, to win a real championship." Or, to bring home a trophy.

The varsity eight winner in the Western Sprints had always received the Ky Ebright Challenge Cup, donated in 1959 by Ebright, for 33 years the Cal coach. Ebright says, "I didn't foresee the proliferation of rowing on the Coast. I thought the cup would go to the winner of the Cal-Washington rivalry. The inscription doesn't say anything about the Western Sprints."

The wind blew at 15 knots by mid-morning at Redwood Shores, but the lagoon was too narrow to get rough. Everyone seemed pleased with the course, and with the dramatic one-on-one format its dimensions dictated. Caught up in the excitement, Gladstone was saying that Cal, Washington and Oregon State might be the best crews in the nation. Cal's big eight had won last year's intercollegiate rowing championships—the IRAs at Syracuse, N.Y.—and so now, when it lost by seven seconds to OSU in a semifinal heat, the final day of racing, pitting OSU against Washington, took on momentous proportions. Some people



Harvard pulls cleanly away on Lake Carnegie

were even willing to forgive the use of the catch phrase "national collegiate title showdown" by the Pac-8 publicists.

But, as always in Western rowing, the specter of Harvard loomed over the lagoon. Harvard does not row at the IRA. But it does occasionally venture west, and on its three most recent trips the Crimson had had waste to Washington in 1974 and the next two years won the San Diego Classic regatta, leaving Washington, Cal and others comfortably astern. Harvard stayed home this year: instead Penn came out and won at San Diego, beating Washington. Early this month, the Quakers stopped Harvard's five-year winning streak at 26, edging the Crimson by one-tenth of a second on the Charles (SJ, May 16). The Harvard haters of the world took heart. With the Eastern Sprints coming the following week at Princeton, they sensed a chance to deliver a mortal blow.

But one-tenth of a second is not ignominy, and Harvard reached way back for its two-stage morale builder, slogans and sass. A telegram arrived from a rowing alarm: "The stage is set for a great story. Snake 'em all." And suddenly it was The Year of The Snake for Harvard, a tag for the crew worthy of succeeding The Smooth and The Rude and The Year of The Crab, Crimson crews of the previous two years.

An hour before the rematch at Princeton, most of the Harvards sat silently inside the boathouse, jaws set, heads down. Never before had any of them approached a varsity race for Harvard with a loss on their record. When the time came, they filed quietly down to Lake Carnegie and began the slow two-mile row to the starting line.

That long row is a problem at Car-

negie, but there is a worse one. No coaching launches are allowed on the lake, so the coaches must watch from a bumpy path ashore, either from a bicycle or sitting in one of two mobile four-tiered grandstands mounted on truck beds. The path in some places is only a foot or so wider than the trucks, with steep embankments and water on either side—the lake and the long-unused Delaware and Raritan Canal. Branches hung down to lash at unwary faces. It is a treacherous proposition at best. On this day, with the big race only minutes off, the news that had always seemed inevitable was shouted from an official boat, "The other truck just went over the edge!" "My son's on that truck!" yelled Harvard Coach Harry Parker. And he grabbed a bike and raced away up the path, there by missing one of the most important races of his career.

But the truck had miraculously hit a steel marker. Teetering on the brink, its occupants half-dived, half-fell into the muddy lake. Young Parker was unharmed, and as things worked out, the elder Parker had a lot to be thankful for. His boat beat Penn by a convincing length. "We snaked 'em," shouted Five Oar John Brock.

It was the third and last year for the Eastern Sprints at Lake Carnegie. Many schools found the site difficult to get to, the accommodations were inadequate and no one dug the trucks too much. Next year the Sprints will return to Lake Quinsigamond, at Worcester, Mass., where they were held from 1959 to 1974.

On the last day of racing at Redwood Shores, the varsity eights' final was scheduled for 10 a.m., to beat the wind. But the wind won. In the biggest and best race of the day, Washington and OSU bucked 15 to 20 knots of it, and each other. At the halfway mark, OSU was down by only a sent. But the Huskies, true to their nickname, were heavier by 13 pounds per man, and they bullied their way to a length-and-a-half win.

Ashore, Washington Coach Erickson was seeing Crimson. There was chatter about a trip to England, and a possible showdown with Harvard at Henley in June. "I'm most anxious to prove who's No. 1 in the country," Erickson said. But when Ky Ebright presented his cup, which had magically reappeared, there were no complaints about the inscription. It read: PACIFIC COAST INTERCOLLEGIATE CREW CHAMPION.

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An amateur is burned at high stakes

Cadillac Jack Grimm regularly pursues lost causes. His latest was trying to beat the pros at the Poker World Series

When Cadillac Jack Grimm bought \$10,000 worth of chips and sat down at a green felt table in Binion's Horseshoe Casino in Las Vegas two weeks ago, he had no real hope that he might stand up a couple of days later as champion of this year's World Series of Poker. If there is one thing Cadillac Jack thinks he is, it is sensible. Grimm is an amateur poker player—which means he plays poker for money but not for a liv-

ing—and an amateur would have as much chance in the big poker game at the Horseshoe as Cadillac Jack would have of bringing in a wildcat oil well through the floor of the First National Bank building in Abilene, Texas, where the Grimm Oil Company is located. That is not much of a chance, of course, but Grimm has tried to find Noah's Ark and the Loch Ness Monster and will soon be in search of Big Foot, so it is not unknown for him to dream of pulling off an upset.

There were many cardplayers with similar dreams at the Horseshoe. Jack Binion, manager of the casino, had expected 25 players for the World Series. Instead he got 34, who put up \$10,050 each (the odd \$50 went to the house to pay the dealers) to sit in on the winner-take-all tournament. Four of them came from "over the rail," as Binion says, referring to strangers who walked in and paid cold cash for seats on the action side of the rail that separates the crowd from the poker players. Ten other players were known to Binion, but had never played in the World Series before. There are about 15 king poker players, and they all showed up at the Horseshoe, an old hotel-casino in downtown Las Vegas. Some of them, like the famous Johnny

Moss, complained that the game was getting out of hand.

"If you got more than eight players at a table, you ain't playing the game right," said Moss, who runs the poker room at the Dunes, a big hotel out on the Strip, where heavy-money poker games are frequent. "I don't let more than seven sit down at a game," Moss said, "unless a rich drunk or sucker walks up, and then maybe he can have a chair." Moss, who has won the World Series three times, was clutching his personal check for \$10,050, waiting to hear how many players there would be before deciding whether to play. "You get nine, 10, 11 players at a table, you got some kind of a bug context," he said.

The reason that 11 or more players can sit at a single table is that the game at the World Series is hold 'em, currently called Texas hold 'em, a form of seven-card stud in which all the players share the same five up cards. Two down cards are dealt to each player at the start, followed by a round of betting. Three cards are turned up in the middle, and after another round of betting, a fourth card is turned up. A third round of betting ensues. Finally a fifth card is turned up, and the last bet is made. It is a game of fast action, and it is easy to learn to play at a mediocre level.

It used to be that stud poker—usually low-ball—was considered the game for serious gambling. "Most of the stud players are dead," says Jack Binion's father, Bennie, who opened the Horseshoe 25 years ago after a storied career as a gambler and scowllaw around Dallas. He thinks hold 'em might have started in Waco, Texas. Moss says he played hold 'em in Dallas in 1926, but doesn't know where the game came from. Moss and Amarillo Slim Preston went to London to gamble many years ago and wound up in a game called haru-kiri that was similar to hold 'em. Regardless of whether or not hold 'em started in Texas, it has become the most popular big-money poker game in Las Vegas, and 20 of the players in the 1977 World Series were Texans.

One of them was Doyle (Texas Dolly) Brunson, formerly of Fort Worth, who happened to draw a seat next to Grimm's. Brunson is a professional gambler any way you care to define it. Mostly he plays

continued



For the second straight year, Texas Dolly Brunson was the Series' winner. This time he got \$340,000.

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Grimm is grim when he sits down at the table

golf and hold 'em. Last year Brunson won the Series—a victory worth \$220,000—with a final-hand full house of 10s over deuces. Early this year he lost \$186,000 playing golf with a businessman. He three-potted the 18th green from 30 feet, while his opponent got down in two from a trap. "A \$10,000 entry fee is not that big a deal," Brunson says. "I win or lose more than that every day."

Professional gamblers, at least in Las Vegas, are not as reluctant to talk about their winnings as they were a few years ago when IRS agents were known to rush up to a poker or baccarat table and grab chips away from a delinquent taxpayer. "There're IRS guys watching us constantly," Brunson says. "But now they understand how money comes and goes. I pay taxes in the high bracket with no write-offs. I guess I could deduct an eye-shade or something, but I don't want to make them mad." And now that he is at peace with the IRS, Brunson admits that he has won millions at poker.

Grimm is a millionaire many times over, not from poker but from other forms of gambling, mainly drilling oil wells. He has sunk more than 300 and hit about half of them, even though he once had 25 dry holes in a row. His self-confidence was getting a little shaky until

he hit the 26th. Grimm also has gas wells and silver and gold mining properties, owns some land and has a flagpole in his front yard in Ahlens. He plays big-stakes poker for the fun of competing with the best. "They're a colorful bunch—Amarillo Slim, Texas Dolly, Saratoga Hank, Pugy Wuggy, Johnny Moss," Cadillac Jack says, reciting the gamblers' names as one might reel off a list of movie stars who happened to have sat at an adjacent table in a famous restaurant.

The king poker players regard Cadillac Jack as fairly colorful, too. As a poker player he is viewed as conservative, and that's how he looks as he sits straight up in his chair wearing a vested suit and a firmly knotted tie. He usually waits for the cards to fall his way, rather than trying to bluff, and he does not bet big the way Brunson bets big. But how many king poker players could turn up at the Horseshoe with a piece of Noah's Ark in their pockets?

When he was a boy scout in Wagoner, Okla., Grimm played poker for matches and pennies. And like all kids who grew up in the country, he heard tales of buried treasure. In the Southwest, the loot is usually said to be from a Spanish gold train that was ambushed by Indians and is supposedly hidden in a cave or under a big rock. At the age of 10, after listening to yarns told by his grandfather, Grimm bought half a case of dynamite, hitchhiked to Flat Rock Creek and blew a big hole in the creek bank looking for gold. He has been looking for treasure ever since.

On their honeymoon, Grimm and his wife Jackie stayed in a log cabin in California and panned for gold. They had met at the University of Oklahoma, where Grimm had matriculated after his tour of duty in the Marines had ended when he was wounded in the landing on Okinawa. Grimm got a degree in geology and then hit oil on the first few drilling deals he put together. He has been in business ventures with Bunker Hunt who gave him the name Cadillac Jack. "Cars don't mean anything to Bunker," Grimm says. "He thought it was funny that I drove Cadillacs. Besides, it rhymed. You talk about a gambler, Hunt is the man. Not at poker, of course. But Bunker plays for billions. He's the greatest I've ever seen."

Grimm isn't too bad himself, especially when it comes to throwing money at

lost causes. Next month he is sponsoring an expedition to the mountains of Washington, Oregon and western Canada to hunt for Big Foot, the huge, hairy cousin of the Abominable Snowman that is said to roam those areas. Grimm has never looked for the Snowman, but in 1969 he got interested in reports that Noah's Ark was buried in the ice near the top of Mount Ararat in eastern Turkey. The Grimms went over there with a crew and brought back wood that Cadillac Jack believes to be from the great boat.

Grimm backed a movie version of the discovery—not the highly promoted *Search for Noah's Ark*—that is playing around the country now, mostly at churches and civic clubs. He also hired a photographer to shoot *Loch Ness* with a new aerial film process and thinks he has pictures of two of the creatures, which he believes to be plesiosaurs, reptiles thought to be long extinct. Cadillac Jack put up a \$5,000 reward for the capture—alive—of the so-called Big Bird that was spotted along the Rio Grande a year or so ago. He says he also has a photograph of an ancient carved stone door that leads to a famous lost gold stash. Grimm claims he does this stuff because he is curious and because he has no reason not to believe the tales he has heard. "More treasure's been lost than has been found," he says.

For the first few hours at the World Series, Grimm's conservative side was in control. He sat quietly, kicking in his ankles and then folding his hands. It was very crowded in the Horseshoe alcove, which is jammed with slot machines except during the Series. As the players sweated under lights rigged by a CBS-TV crew, the black \$100 chips slowly started to slide across the tables. Soon several of the king poker players were hustled. The reigning champion, Brunson, had dealt off 25% of himself to Jack Brunson, one of his best friends, and 7% more to several others. Considering Brunson's income-tax bracket, it hardly mattered that he had passed out part of himself. One player mentioned having sold 200% of himself and wondered what he would do if he won. Brunson also accepted a side bet of \$20,000 to his \$3,000 that he would win it all again, but he wasn't doing so well as the first evening of the Series wore on.

Neither was Cadillac Jack. At one

continued



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point he was nearly broke and had a pair of nines as down cards. When the next three cards were flopped over, Grimm caught a third nine. He now had the best possible hand at the table, though someone might draw out on him on the last two cards. Brunson bet \$500, and Cadillac Jack shoved in \$2,600, still he had left, thinking one of the four players left to bet might call his raise in hopes of picking off a cripple.

But the others gave Grimm the hand at a low profit. A while later he was almost busted again and pushed in all his chips with nothing but an off-suit seven-two as down cards. Once more he was not called. When the first night's play stopped, 10 players were knocked out, and Cadillac Jack had \$5,250, which made him low among those remaining.

"Well, I'm really a long shot now," Grimm said the next morning. But he almost had been out of the same kind of tournament at the Marina Hotel in Las Vegas the week before and had come in

second. He had lost \$21,600—the biggest poker bet of his life—on the final hand. He might make a comeback again today, he said. Indeed, at about 5:30 in the afternoon of the second day Grimm started to get hot, and his pile increased to \$12,000. But by dinner he was back down to \$4,000. The ante was now up to \$100, and the player to the left of the dealer had to bet \$400. That is called "the blind." Cadillac Jack had a 10 and a seven of spades in the hole. Those are notably weak down cards, but Grimm called the "blind," was raised \$900 and called again. The three flop cards were nine, three, two. Then a seven turned up, giving Grimm a pair. He put in his last \$2,300 and was called. He lost to a pair of aces, becoming the 13th player that day to be knocked out of the field. He got up, dusted off his pants and walked out of the card room.

The next afternoon only three players remained in the game. Brunson, Bones Berland and Milo Jacobson, a former

nightclub owner from Sioux Falls, S. Dak., who claimed never to have played in such a big game before or even to have had any experience at hold 'em. Berland knocked out Jacobson with a straight against three fours. A while later Brunson caught 10s and twos and got a mental flash of the hand he had won with last year. Sure enough, Brunson filled it, even though his two pairs would have been good enough to beat Berland's eights and fives.

By the time Brunson had cashed in his chips for \$340,000 in neatly bundled cash, Cadillac Jack had gone across the street to the Golden Nugget to catch the Las Vegas singing debut of Larry Mahan, the former world champion cowboy. After the show, Cadillac Jack fretted in Mahan's dressing room about the sorry turns of the cards and said his luck was bound to change. He hurried back across Fremont Street to the Horseshoe and sat in a game of hold 'em. At dawn, he was still there.

END

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the mouth that soars

Often unthinking when he
speaks, world-record

holder Dwight Stones is transformed

into a logic machine whenever he

attacks the high-jump bar

by FRANK DEFORD





at any track meet, high jumpers appear curiously out of place, interlopers. Usually tall and angular, they resemble skitterish, ungainly birds, which alone in this aviary no longer possess the power of flight. While others all about them soar and flash by, the high jumpers only preen and stretch and nest. They are known to be a quiet

and introverted sort, as lozy at practice as they are inconsistent in competition.

From their improvised little pallets, they rise but rarely to pare off their sweat suits and address the distant bar. Facing it so still, heads cocked, it seems they must be listening for some unseen predator. Dwight Stones, the highest

continued

the mouth

Continued

jumper of all time, may twitch uncontrollably in this pose, reacting to the caffeine in his body, from an over-the-counter painkiller he takes for his chronically weak ankles. Jumpers are allowed but two minutes to break this trance, and surely the time limit is not for the convenience of the meet or the fans, but is a favor to the jumpers. Were they not forced to move toward the bar, it is likely that most would stand there and commune with the proposition forever. It is, after all, insane to think: *Me, leap over Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and not disturb a hair on his head?* But, at last, some stir. Some fidget. Some go through ritual motions, designed to overcome the dreadful inertia. Failure looms, and it is manifest: the bar clattering to the earth for all to see.

High jumping is one of the most primitive of athletic endeavors, and now is a discipline more than a sport. The pre-eminent Stones, who has learned to tumble backward over a height of 7' 7½", deals with the event by treating his body as if it were a contrivance, nothing more. Rushing to the bar, he is, his doctor

says, "like a highly informed computer making last-second adjustments."

When he locks in, precisely 69' 2" from the bar, waiting for the crowd and any breeze to still, his magnificent body takes on the form of an inanimate object, as if, say, it were a baseball pitcher was ready to throw. Finally, some silent bell rings, some blind light flashes, and the man, Dwight Stones, thrusts forward this object, his body, sending it, as he says, "running into the sky."

The kinetic mechanism is triggered only after he perceives the proper apparition of Dwight Stones approaching the bar. "I see a translucent image of myself coming out of myself," he says. "I watch to see if it will make it. Many times it doesn't. I have to concentrate harder. Those who know me well can often tell by my fifth step [of 10] whether or not I will make it. The last time I set the record, I could see two steps before I jumped that I had made it. I could see that so clearly that I even quit on it a little—almost too much."

A stranger to this arcane art must find it extremely difficult to comprehend what Stones is talking about, but the conso-

lation is that soon enough the jumper will advance something that may be understood. The only time silence ever attends Stones is when he stands at his mark for those two minutes, in prelude to a jump. (One can almost hear the cavalryman whispering, "Things are quiet, too quiet.")

Stones possesses what can best be described as an exhausting voice: it grates, whines, portends, challenges; it officiates. Sometimes, it seems, he puts it on automatic pilot. Often he borrows other voices for variety and emphasis (AAU officials, as portrayed by Stones, always speak *basso profundo*), and regularly he reenacts entire past discussions. Also, there is pantomime, most effectively when he illustrates how exactly it was he put his foot in his mouth (another plug for Puma), and even in the most pedestrian conversations Stones babbles with his hands. "Maybe you'll notice that Dwight has some feminine mannerisms," says his mother, Sandy, herself no slouch in the loquacious league.

Stones has been called "The Mouth with Legs," and, indeed, he has drawn as much attention to himself and his



Loquacious as he is, Dwight has trouble persuading Flipper (named after Dick Fosbury, originator of the jumping style Stones uses) to get back into the pool.

event with his tongue as with his lower limbs. "He's done so much for high jumping," says a chief rival, Tom Woods, "but we just don't want to listen to him anymore." Stones once explained a victory by alluding to the losers: "It's hard to clear seven feet when you have one hand on your throat." All of French Canada came down upon him at the Olympics, when a squadron of reporters wrote that Stones declared, "I'm very upset with the French-Canadians. The stadium isn't finished, and that's just plain rude." While attending UCLA he attacked that university for not providing him with the cushy jobs that football and basketball players were getting. He refers blithely to the AAU as "blackmailers" and once turned down a trip to China in this way, "What would you do over there? You can't talk to the people. That means for 24 hours a day you'd be dependent on the AAU. I'd go berserk." He regularly puts down the jumping conditions at the best meets, but he has, as well, often boasted at meets he endorsed that he would set records—and did just that. Stones has set the world outdoor record three times, most recently at 7' 7/8", and has broken the world indoor record, which now stands at 7' 6/8", seven times.

Everything considered, Dwight Stones has good reason to be keen on Dwight Stones, and he is not afraid to voice that opinion, e.g., "Nobody cared for high jumping for 10 years before me." Periodically, he makes such asinine declarations that even he backs off in the ensuing brouhaha, usually by promising that a more tactful new model of Dwight Stones has just been dashed off the assembly line. As he grudgingly allows, "I've accepted the fact that I don't know everything about everything."

Still, Stones retains what amounts to a moral obligation to be candid. This trait runs in the family, at least on his mother's side, where the twig is bent. Stones says, "I feel that I must say things that need being said," and then he goes on to relate a tale about a boy who was mute until he was nine years old. Then, out of the blue, he said, "The soup's cold." The tyke explained that the reason why he had never said anything before was that previously everything had been up to snuff. Well, Stones goes on, if the soup is cold, you had better

call this to someone's attention or you're going to get cold soup as a matter of course.

O.K., but there are no intermediate temperatures in Dwight Stones' soup, just as there are none in his sport. High jumping is most especially not a game of inches. Baseball and football are measured in points, but they are each a game of inches; racing and swimming are measured in time, but they are each a game of inches. High jumping is measured in inches, but it is a game of either/or. Either you get over the bar or you don't. Starting with soup, Stones looks upon everything in the world much this way—hot or cold, black or white, good or bad. As Bill Jankaus, another jumper and his close friend, says, "If Dwight likes you, he will do anything for you." But others—for example, some jumpers who Stones feels toadied to the AAU in a dispute this winter—cease to exist as persons. "I have no more feelings toward those people," he says. An uncommonly large number of his acquaintances have attained this non-person status. There is no middle ground.

His idol, whom he has never met, is Valer Brumel. Stones took up high jumping the day he saw Brumel set a world record on TV. He was nine years old and "already had maxed on team sports." It was July 21, 1963, almost a decade to the day when Stones would first set the world record. But had he not seen Brumel, Stones probably would have found the event, anyway, for the two have a perfect marriage. With rancor still, Stones recalls his last days of baseball as a child: "The jerks! I'd be on deck and they'd strike out. I decided then I wanted to do something that didn't require a ball, setting screens, other players. Just me. High jumping was perfect. And it was all mine. Nobody else was doing it." He constructed his own bar and pit in the front yard. "It's no fun when no one can see you," Dwight Stones said.

The Faustian price that track pays for its glorious moment of quadrennial attention at the Olympics is that it operates in the penumbra of "annuals" the rest of the time. Because track is also the last bug-time (ishamateur sport, where the stars are gigolos for shoe companies, it has difficulties attracting and holding on to truly gifted American athletes. Stones, who is probably our best-

known track and field performer at this moment, is a good example. He would be a tennis player today (he is an ace "celebrity" player) had the tennis boom begun a few years sooner. "It was a sissy sport then," he says ruefully. "I look back on it now, and I sure wish I'd pursued that sissy sport."

Stones is single. He drives a Porsche and lives in a snappy apartment in Long Beach. He has a commentator's job with CBS and, like all track stars, he gets "expenses." It bears working. Still, were Stones a superstar in almost any other sport, he'd be a conglomerate. Nonetheless, he understands how you buy on margin. "I'm not just a here-present guy."

continued



Sandy Duven is confident of her son's devotion

he says. "I'm for the long-term betterment of Dwight Stones. So maybe high jumping is only for 10% of my life, but it is worth devoting myself to because it can have a great impact on the rest of my life. My parents have understood this all along."

Unfortunately, with a few conspicuous exceptions, the value of one's success on track has been pegged to gold. Olympic gold. For all of the sport's manic fixation on numbers—hundredths of seconds, fractions of inches—a track athlete's credentials are not in order if all he has beaten is the stopwatch or tape measure. To be the champion he must also have beaten the best with the Olympic flame burning overhead. It is ridiculous that track is still run on a 2,753-year-old timetable set by a bunch of Greeks who didn't want to stop wars each and every summer. But it is so. Stones has been voted high jumper of the year four years running (Brumel went five in a row) and he has jumped higher than any person in the history of mankind, but it rained one summer afternoon in the wrong place in the wide world, and so he is not the champion. Worse, although Stones is in the prime of his career, he cannot vindicate himself until 1980—and that will surely be his last chance. The pressure began to mount the moment he went out at a paltry 7' 3/4" in a steady drizzle at Montreal, and there are rumors that Stones is strictly a big-mouthed front-runner, a gaudy numbers king who can't beat live people in the crunch of the big ones.

But, happily for those who failed, the year after any Olympics is always something of an obscurity in track and field. Stones is fortunate that the spotlight is dimmed for a while, and though he promises that 1978 will be "animal city" (that's good), he is content that '77 can be "experimental." Having mastered technique, Stones is taking advantage of this slow year to tinker with the machine, the body. He has no jumping coach. He does have doctors. There is Dr. Leroy Perry Jr., whom he refers to as "my chiropractor," and Dr. David Martin, who is "my physiologist." Says Stones, "I've acquired these people."

Says Tom Jennings, the manager of the Pacific Coast Club, of which Stones was once a member, "No one ever really coaches Dwight, but he likes to think he is dependent on some-

body. Right now, it's those doctors."

Stones does not like imponderables cluttering up life. He prefers things settled. "Dwight is always convinced that he is right," says Francie Larrieu Lutz, the former U.S. women's mile record holder, who is an old and dear friend, "and he will not stop until he is convinced that he has convinced you." Stones wants all the romance removed from his specialty, all the human idiosyncrasy eliminated (and all the rain, too, if God will only pay attention). He wants high jumping laid out scientifically. Eat this plus practice that equals 7' 7/8." Next question. And this is not all hokum. Just by studying the changes in Stones' body, the doctors, Perry and Martin, have, independent of each other, correctly predicted when the body would set a new world record. Perry thinks Stones can reach 7' 9/8." Stones believes he will pop out at 7' 10/8." But then Stones has also declared, "I've always known I'd be a complete success. . . I plan to be a millionaire by 30."

He was at 7' 3" in Montreal when the rain came in earnest. Thereafter, fearful of injury, he made only cursory attempts, and the crowd happily jeered the American blackboard. A Polish teenager named Jacek Wszoła won the gold medal. Stones took the bronze. He got the bronze in Munich, too. His only consolation is when, inevitably, a reference is made to that day in Montreal and no one can remember the name of the gold medalist. Stones smiles, for once saying nothing. He always refers to the fellow, deferentially and formally, as "the Olympic champion."

Still unfazed, the two-time bronze medalist says, "I was totally ready in Montreal. I was so ready it was ridiculous. Without the rain, I would have set the record. No question. I would have given it to those 60,000 obscenity people screaming at me. They don't know anything about track in either Canada or the U.S., but at least they would have known I was giving them a record."

But so what the rain? Isn't rain just like the quality of mercy, dropping on everybody, Poles and Californians, much the same? Well, not necessarily in high jumping. Stones has little natural spring. Although he is 6' 5", he can dunk a basketball only with great exertion. "I haven't got the calves for it," he explains

Instead of using the strength in his legs to shoot himself upward, he must convert the horizontal speed of the run-up into vertical thrust. His run of 10 steps is carefully diagrammed—five and then five more, in the shape of a J, and he says that his run is 75% of his jump. Obviously, then, the final placement of the foot on the left-off pad is crucial to the entire enterprise. If it is slick.

But then Stones calibrates everything so finely. He is forever demanding that the whole jumping apparatus be moved. "If the standards that hold up the bar are off just an inch, that is enough to ruin my whole effort," he says. To make sure that he begins his run from precisely the correct spot, he now determines his take-off mark through triangulation. "Those lines meet at only one place on earth," he intones. He has gotten his way sometimes—and antagonized other competitors—by promising meet directors a record if they would place the standards where he wants them. He went home to work out in California after the opening-day ceremonies in Montreal because the practice facilities "stunk." He needs all the right pills. Improper food distresses him. Sugar verges on a conspiracy. His hips are unaligned and he has the X rays to prove it. And the rain. At Eugene, Ore., where he finished behind Jankunas in the sunshine of the Trials, there were some harsh words about the wind. Dwight Stones' whole life is poised precariously on a precipice of one Russian afternoon more than three years hence, and he keeps shaving it finer.

Notwithstanding, most people in track—even those who can't abide him—accept Stones' excuses for Montreal. It was a technical thing, he is a dry-weather jumper. That's just his style. But one person thinks that is all rubbish. That is his mother, Mrs. Sandy Duren. "All that about the rain is just a cop-out," Sandy says. "Dwight's just got to learn to jump in the rain. That's all there is to that." She pauses, and just as forcefully she says this, too, about her son. "It's best that Dwight didn't win in Montreal. He wasn't ready as a person."

The soup was cold here, too.

Bill Rjordann, who once was Jimmy Connors' manager, has marveled that no great athlete has ever been as dependent upon women as Connors. He

was trained by his mother and grandmother, is still closely aligned with his mother and requires the constant company of women for comfort and security. Like ships in the night, Connors and Stones passed through UCLA as freshmen the same year, and they share very similar experiences and dispositions. Neither is a diplomat, both have become drawing cards as villains, and Stones' life has revolved around women every bit as much as Connors'.

"Jimmy went through his obnoxious period at the same time I did," Stones says. "We both had to do our growing up in public." Stones' growing up was much stormier than Connors', however; his mother and father were constantly at odds—and it was often about Dwight that they fought. Years ago Sandy and Richard Stones—always referred to as "Dwight's father" by his ex-wife, in much the same way as Dwight says "the Olympic champion"—were divorced, the father surrendering his son to three generations of women: Dwight's maternal grandmother, Mrs. Alice Roberts; his mother, and his younger sister, Tammy.

Richard Stones, who works in a family construction firm, is of the first generation of Stonesses born in the U.S. His father had come from Sweden in 1919; his name was Stenstrom, which means stones in the brook. When Richard was 19 and wearing an Air Force uniform, he married pretty Sandy Roberts, who was 17. "I shouldn't have gotten married," she says, "but it was the Korean War, and everybody was doing it."

Sandy had her first child, Dwight, when she was still a teen-ager. Mrs. Duren (after her divorce from Stones. Sandy was briefly remarried and had a third child, Bill) is now only 43 and, to complicate matters, looks younger still. In fact, none of Dwight's ladies look their age. One recent evening Mrs. Duren was in a fetching little short tennis dress; Mrs. Roberts, who is 72, wore a vivid blouse and slacks with white hoots; and Tammy, 18, played off her long, flowing hair against a jazzy V-neck jump suit. They were in their house in Palm Springs, where they have recently moved from the Los Angeles area. Dwight calls the place "the shrine," so filled is it with his trophies, but the rooms are not cluttered; they are as well appointed, as open and as cheerful as the inhabitants.



In Montreal's rain, Stones' failure brought cheers from a crowd made hostile by his remarks

In the days, too, there is the laughter of children. Mrs. Duren has always adored kids, and she runs a small, licensed child-care center.

Dwight was born on Dec. 6, 1953, and Sandy was buoyed that he was a Sagittarius, which she considers an especially felicitous sign. She named him after the President, for whom she had campaigned. None of this, however, buttressed Sandy's shaky adolescent marriage. "I was a better mother than I was a wife," she admits.

"Hell, she built her whole world around me," says Dwight.

"I was wired to Dwight," Sandy goes on. "I didn't have anybody else for five years." From the first, she delighted in dressing up her little son in fancy togs, and that, plus her unstinting devotion to the child, led her husband to accuse her of trying "to turn my son into a fag."

The parents' fights left an emotionally rattled child. The first day in kindergarten, when all the other children made mangles of colorful scribbles, Dwight handed in a page done solidly with one black crayon. His eyes often crossed and he had difficulty getting them straight. At the age of 5½, he was shunted off to a military school, where he was boarded all week. Stones vividly recalls being beaten up the first day at military school. "And I'm a coward," he says. Strangely, he makes this point often. He likes to

cave pole vaulters as courageous, while "I don't have any guts. Never have. I'm not curious to find out how brave I am."

Tammy came along when Dwight was five, in the last gasp of marriage. Shortly afterward Richard Stones moved out, and while the boy visited with his father periodically, he says he disliked him and made no effort to understand him until the last few years. But he grew all the closer to his mother. Her first clear recollection of Dwight the athlete was one day when he told her, "Someday, Mom, I'm going to be a great baseball star, and then I'll buy you a sable coat."

Back in public school, his reviews were mixed. He exhibited a high IQ and was always dressed immaculately. "I always gussed up my kids," Sandy says. However, he was not easy to handle. "From the third grade on, I was on to Dwight, but the teachers sometimes had to be scraped off the ceiling," Sandy says. "He wasn't bad, just a cutup. Perhaps you've heard that Dwight was a perfect child. Well, it's true, he nearly was. But with his teachers—he'd just find their weakest link and drive them into the corner."

To be sure, Dwight's mother was less than in awe of her son's educators. She describes herself as "very conservative," while Dwight says, "Mom's a John Birch-er." Dismayed at liberal molluscoddlers in the classroom, Sandy removed Dwight from public school (as she was to do with

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the mouth

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Tamety and Bill) and packed him off to a small school run by the Congregational Church. This experience so isolated Dwight from the golden California mainstream that when he attempted re-entry to public school in the eighth grade he was unable to make the transition. "I was totally out of touch," he says. "My mother was out of touch."

He returned to the parochial school for another year before going back to public school. Even then, there were continuing problems. Well into high school, Dwight's mother would not permit him to wear jeans to school. "Dwight wanted to be like everyone else," she says, "and I don't approve of that." Humiliated by his mandated attire, the boy kept a pair of jeans hidden in his school locker and changed into them when he arrived in the morning.

He wanted desperately to be like the other kids, but he is also, forever, so very much like his mother. Stones and his mother do not bear a close physical re-

semblance—he looks more like his father, a lean man of 6' 3"—but in every other way they are a match: their mannerisms and expressions, their tone, their determination and assurance, their competitiveness. Neither is in any way self-conscious about this close relationship, which has, of course, elicited gossip attention. Stones still makes it a point to telephone his mother after every important competition, and at any slight perception of criticism, he and his ladies circle the wagons and start firing back.

At one point, Sandy grew convinced that Jennings, as manager of the Pacific Coast Club, was trying to drive a wedge between herself and her son. Dwight had just dropped out of UCLA, and Jennings urged him to take an apartment of his own in order to get away from his nearly all-female environment. Stones did. Jennings also took to rooming with the boy on road trips, and, rather like an older brother, tried to help educate him in the ways of the track world—

"travel-agency stuff," Dwight says now. At the time, Stones took advantage of his first real platform away from home to strut and speechify and call himself "Big D."

Mrs. Duren simmered over Jennings, and eventually Stones did leave the PCC to complete his college eligibility at Long Beach State. When that ran out last spring, Stones started up his own small group—the Desert Oasis Track Club—at his mother's urging. "Listen, I like Tom," Stones says, "but he tried to drive Mom and me apart. Tom never had a close relationship with his own parents, so he couldn't tolerate mine."

Jennings refuses to get in the middle of this family fray, but he does admit to being rather entertained by Stones' contention that he has transformed himself completely since the clangorous Big D days in Jennings' company. But then, Stones also periodically issues proclamations that he is no longer "obnoxious" and has suddenly become a retiring, soft-

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spoken, new and improved fellow, who might easily be confused with the well-known gentleman from Assisi.

Says Jennings, chuckling, "Dwight never changes at all. He believes that change amounts to declaring that he has changed. Usually what happens is that he says something that embarrasses him, and so then he goes up to the track and field writers' luncheon in L.A. and announces that he has changed."

In any event, the Stones aggregation can never be intimidated. It is a cocksure family proud of its unorthodoxy. Track officials would be wise to keep this following colloquy in mind the next time they are baffled by some outburst from Stones. This took place when his mother and his grandmother were trying to explain why they gave up on living in the tightly pocked Los Angeles area, with its liberal functionalities, dark conspiracies and nosy conformists.

Mother: We're strange. We're odd. We don't fit

Grandmother: We're screwy.

Mother: We're very private and independent people. That's why we're here.

Grandmother: That's why we're not there.

Unfortunately for the teen-age Stones, the fierce individualism of his home was of no profit to him when he was finally returned to Glendale High as a skinny, insecure kid who wore the wrong clothes and tried too hard. "You know the guy who breaks into the conversation and then can't say anything right?" he asks. "That was me." Also, he got pimples.

Stones often talks of high school. It was a brutal time in his life, as it is for many. Say what you will about the importance of Montreal or Moscow, Stones gives the impression that no gold medal could ever surpass the thrill of leaving behind in his dust all those Glendale High big shots who snubbed him. Glendale High looks like one of those schools that all the kids from the situation comedies attend. The peer pressure must be so

great that it can be measured with a barometer. There are mountains in the background, the students' cars are parked all around, and there is a marquee out front. A marquee. And Dwight Stones had to wear different pants. Then he hit on high jumping.

"All I wanted was to be accepted," he says. "We had our fifth reunion last year, but I couldn't be there because I was at the Olympic training camp. Well, I'm glad I couldn't go back." He bites that off. "I would have hated all of a sudden having so many 'friends.' I don't think I could have kept a civil tongue in my head. I probably would have reverted to the way I used to be and acted very immature. You see, I know I'm never going to be accepted by those people. But maybe I was obsessed because they wouldn't accept me. Maybe that made me jump higher. Maybe they did me a big favor."

When he focuses his mind, Stones is a very orderly thinker, but in a way that requires neat cause and effect—or, from

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the mouth continued

another point of view, instant gratification. He is majoring in speech now at Long Beach State, taking courses one night a week, but because he has no more athletic eligibility, he considers it all something of a diversissement. "I don't need it," he says. "I'll never use it." In high school, jumping—which he had fooled around with for years—suddenly struck him as something he could use to attract attention and girls. To his mind, popularity could be reduced to a cause-and-effect formula. "Dwight thought that the higher he jumped, the more girls he could get," his mother explains.

In the same way nowadays, you solve problems by up and declaring a new, improved Dwight Stones. Or, if you insult the touchy French-Canadians one day, you appear the next in a T-shirt reading I love french-canadians, and everything is peachy keen. But, of course, where real life is different from high jumping is that you don't get three tries at every new height. "What really hurt me," Stones says, the hurt still evident, "is that I wasn't even accepted on my own team in high school. I was never even nominated for captain."

But he cleared seven feet as a senior—on March 27, 1971—and he was offered a scholarship to UCLA. Perhaps more important, he realized that he never would have attained either had it not been for another man's help. John Barnes, the Glendale track coach, a handsome, no-nonsense man who had been an Olympian in the 800 meters in 1952, not only nurtured Stones as a high jumper but also steadied him as a person. "I don't care if you jump 10 feet, Dwight, you're only worth five points to me." Barnes told him one day when the boy's conceit was running especially high.

Barnes was a disciplinarian—he made his athletes cut their hair short at a time when that was a cosmic issue—and, as such, he appealed to the mother as much as to the son. In a very real sense, Barnes was the first male authority figure of any substance for Stones, and the boy worked hard to please him. The thorough conscientiousness with which Stones approaches his training was established under Barnes. He could never work less diligently, for that would slight Barnes, the man he still consults.

Dr. Perry is another important man to Stones. One day in the Olympic Village at Montreal, Stones happened upon

Mae Wilkins, the discus world-record holder and another disciple of Dr. Perry's. Wilkins was eating food Stones considered unwholesome, and so he stopped and railed at the big fellow for "insulting Dr. Perry and your own body." Stunned and properly chastised, Wilkins pushed his plate of goodies aside.

But always before there were only women close to Stones, and this concerned everyone in the family. "I was so afraid I was raising a sissy," his mother says. She need not have feared. The greatest tribute Stones has paid his women is that he has enjoyed them so much that he has been encouraged to seek the company and pleasures of other women. As Stones would have it, not since George Porgie has there been such a kindergarten Lothario as he. "Hey," he reports, "at age five or six I was making out with girls. I'm not kidding: five or six. I never went through that stage where boys hated girls. I was always girl-oriented. Still am. I'd much rather be with women anytime. I don't particularly trust men." It does not seem insignificant that the particular stage in his life when he refers to himself as being "obnoxious" was, in fact, a time when his friends say Stones was especially self-conscious about his acne and seldom dared to take out girls.

While Stones suffers no poverty of disaffection these days, he is mindful of his mother's two bad marriages, and he confidently expects to remain unattached until he is through with track. Then, as his friends are fond of telling him, he is going to make someone a wonderful wife, for he is a dandy and devoted housekeeper. His apartment is exquisitely decorated, just the right shades and styles, done so well that his Mickey Mouse collection—clock, telephone, place mats, dishes—fits in as well as his trophies are accommodated at his mother's. Stones prefers to locate himself in the kitchen, where he can fix his many special meals and tidy up. "You'd be surprised how many undomesticated women there are around these days," he exclaims, preparing fruits and milk.

The private Stones—as apart from the alleged "new" one that is periodically marketed—is, in fact, a very private fellow, as introverted as other high jumpers are in public. "I'm fine here at home," he says. "Me and my music and my food—I don't get bored here." In fact, while Stones is recognized for his brag-

command

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The do-it-this-way books from **Sports Illustrated**

gadzooks, the flip side, the one never played in public, is of an incredibly thoughtful and earnest individual—as an athlete and a man.

"I enjoy his company," says Francis Larnieu Lutz. "I don't know if I could enjoy it for 24 hours a day, but I know Dwight would be a person I would always turn to if I needed help. I have Dwight is concerned. He cares."

He possesses old-fashioned instincts of loyalty and devotion. There is a ledger for life, he never steals from his training to pay off the rest of him. "Most everybody thinks he's flaky," John Barnes says, "but he's one of the most stable athletes I've ever known. He must be to be consistent." Dr. Perry marvels at the amount of careful, educated research that Stones applies to his body. "In that sense, he is totally unique as an athlete," Perry says.

He is an authority on the statistical minutiae of track and field and a defender of the faith, wounded that track must contest for popularity from such a disadvantaged position. He never lets the sport down. "No one I've coached has ever honored their commitments like Dwight," Jennings says. Not long ago Peter Spengler, a vice-president of Bristol-Myers, received a long, unsolicited letter signed "Dwight Edwin Stones, World High Jump Record Holder," thanking Bristol-Myers for its generous support of track and field. It was the first letter thanking the company that Spengler had ever received from any athlete in any sport.

In his apartment, Stones sometimes sits at the dining-room table autographing photographs of himself clearing the bar at 7' 7½". He orders the phones himself and will work hours at a time, signing them ("Much happiness, Dwight Stones"), posting them, hundreds of them, at his own expense. Long after a meet has concluded, he will stand patiently and sign autographs for the children who cluster around him. Before they earn this prize, however, he makes them queue up and mind their manners, looking down sternly upon them.

At 6' 5", and apparently not quite finished growing, Stones towers over virtually everyone at a track meet. He adds to the impression of height with his lean angularity: long face, long limbs, also, he stands up a lot, so as not to be missed. He wears pipestem warm-up pants that are a bit short, and like most jumpers he

carries a shoulder bag, so when he and the other long-legged jumpers stride into the proceedings, they resemble a pavel of hookeys.

While others in his event hunker down between jumps, snuggling up against their little shoulder bags, Stones prances about, kibitzing and perusing the crowd. At last, with the bar at seven feet, Stones seizes the stage. Although high jumpers spend an inordinate amount of time some time taking off and putting back on their sweat clothes, few of these bashful sorts know how to undress in style. They yank at their tops and catch their bottoms on their rubber-soled shoes. Stones has learned to disrobe and redress with grace and class. Ready to jump, he stands on his mark at salute, with socks and shorts alike pulled high. With his blond mane brushed back, there is the air of a station about him.

He makes a splendid figure. The expression "Greek god" has lingered in the language to signify a brawny muscle-bound body, the kind that is out of fashion. In today's society, where thinness is prized and men pumpers are midway attractions, Stones has the prototype California god body, long and loose, an athlete for a war, a lean torso and shoulders as wide and thin as a bridge span.

An odd aspect of jumping is that you don't get better at jumping by practicing jumping. You must struggle with the components, and then hope they come together. Thus, Stones alternately works with weights (he cleans and jerks 220 now) and on speed, running both sprints and longer distances. The rest of the time he reserves for properly fueling himself with a succession of demi-meals and pulps (up to 21 at a clip). As witness the Wilkins episode, Stones is something of a nutritional zealot, and one recent morning when he went on a pancake barge, he was overwhelmed with guilt.

That afternoon Stones devoted himself to running a series of 330-yard works at four-minute intervals. He practices at Long Beach State, where he parks illegally next to the track facilities by the expedient of driving down sidewalks, as students and faculty scurry before the Porsche like so many barnyard ducks and chickens. It is that direct logic again: if you jump higher, you get more girls; if you set world records, you drive on the sidewalk. And if you cut a lot of pan-

cakes with syrup, you must be punished.

He warms up and begins his workout. His stated goal is to run the 330s in 42 seconds. He times the first couple himself, and then gives his stopwatch to Ron Alice, the Long Beach coach, his team coach last year. Stones speaks highly of Alice, both as a man and as a track technician, but Alice has recently hurt Stones. Alice does not know this, though. He does not know that he has nicked the strict code of Dwight Stones.

When the college season was over last year, Stones got the squad members to chip in for a watch for the coach. Dwight packed it out himself and paid the lion's share. But the last few times Stones has seen Alice the coach has not worn the watch. Stones feels betrayed.

Stones now gives the coach his stopwatch and asks him to time him on his third 330. "Here," he snaps, "you need a watch." Alice does not appreciate the crisp message. Stones runs the 330. Alice tells him it was 43 even. Stones is furious at this news. He screams at the coach and rips the watch from his hands. He says that the coach wasn't paying attention, that he started timing too soon. He says that it was "impossible" for him to have run 43 even, because he always knows exactly how he is running, and it felt like 41.8 to him. He storms away, with the watch.

Alice doesn't respond. "I'm sorry," he says at last when Stones has strolled some distance away. "Dwight's got a bad head today. Something's bothering him." Alice does not know about his watch. Or the pancakes, either, for that matter.

Stones times himself for his fourth 330. He is way on the far side of the track by now. Alice borrows a stopwatch, and when Stones breaks again for his last 330, the coach times him. In the stretch, Alice says, "He can't make it. It's killing him. He's been doing too much weight work to shift over and try to run this fast. Dwight told himself he's ready for this, but he isn't, and it's upset him." Stones reaches the finish. Alice clicks his stopwatch. It reads 42.8.

Stones staggers about. He has run his guts out. He even thinks he is going to throw up. Finally, he catches his breath and his composure and he comes back. What was your time, Dwight? "Forty-one nine," replies the new, improved Dwight Stones. "I told him I was ready to do it."

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BLUE STREAK

Sir:

Maybe the major league baseball season is not supposed to be a 100-yard dash, but a good start sure helps (In L.A. it's Up, Up and Away with Cey, May 16). I can guarantee Sparky Anderson and the Reds (at the Dodgers) will not blow it this year. With Tom Lasorda at the helm and Ron Cey batting cleanup, the Dodgers are the '77 world champions.

JEFF BARTAR
Geneva, Neb.

Sir:

It's where you finish, not where you start. Come September, the Big Red Machine will be in its usual position—ahead of the Dodgers.

JOHN SNEDEGAR
Owingsville, Ky.

Sir:

Your otherwise fine article has one flaw. On page 25 there is a picture of Lasorda hugging a player you identify as Dusty Baker. Lasorda is offering congratulations to none other than Reggie Smith, who wears No. 8 on the back of his batting helmet, and not Baker, whose number is 12.

JOHN TURNER
Whittier, Calif.

Sir:

You say that the Dodgers' record 22-4, ranks among the best in baseball history. I agree. I also feel the 1958 Yankees, whose record was 23-5 (.821), also deserve to be recognized in the same class as that of the '46 Red Sox and the Dodgers of '55 and '71.

HARLAN E. OSBORN
Petaluma, Calif.

Sir:

The Dodgers' 10 consecutive victories at the start of the 1955 season were a major league record, which still stands. The Pirates share the record, having won their first 10 games in 1962.

TRAVIS Q. LYDAY
Monteville, Pa.

Sir:

Recognition should also be given the 1966 Cleveland Indians, who won 10 games in a row at the start of the season. The Indians, managed by Birdie Tebbets, failed to win the pennant, wallowing in fifth place at season's end with an 81-81 record, 17 games behind Baltimore.

DANNY TIBRELL
Loomis, Neb.

WHITE HOT SOX

Sir:

Thank you for the article on Richie Zisk

and the White Sox (*Old Uniforms*, New Sox, May 16). I have been a Sox fanatic for 23 years and the experience has been, to say the least, trying.

Through it all, I have remained loyal. But if Bill Vecek does not sign Zisk, and Richie leaves the Sox, I will discard my bumper sticker, yearbook and, yes, even my 6" x 9" photo of Luke Appling.

PATRICK MUNLEY
Archbald, Pa.

Sir:

It is a great tribute to major league baseball that, in this era of squabbling over contracts and playing time, the White Sox are playing ball because they want to play ball, and not because they want money and fame. On top of that, they are winning.

I come from Chicago and have always been a Cubs' fan, but this year I'm really proud of the other Chicago team.

STEVEN C. S. WITZAK
College Park, Md.

THE JINK

Sir:

When you put our favorite basketball team, the Celtics, on the cover of your magazine (April 25), we knew they were done for. Sure enough, they lost to the '76ers.

But when you put the Bruins on the cover (May 9), we almost died. They were playing so superbly we thought they could beat even Montreal. But they didn't, losing in four straight. We now believe in the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED COVER JINKS.

Please don't put the Red Sox or the Patriots on your cover.

FRANK DRIGHTON
JEFF MCLEIN
Auburn, Maine

BACK TO PEACH BASKETS

Sir:

Now that the season is coming to an end, maybe it would be possible to give back to Dr. Naismith his game of basketball and let the "enforcers" with their hot-dog style of playing come up with their own name for the sport, such as Dunkballer Mayhemball.

Basketball was meant to be a non-contact game, not a spectacle of fingers in the eyes, broken bones—all this violence you see in the game today at all levels.

Maybe next year someone will come up with a rule permitting eight fouls plus cash bonuses for crippling opponents for life.

Having had the pleasure of meeting and talking with Dr. Naismith, and playing for his son Jack, I honestly believe if the doctor were to come back today to take a look at his game, he would say, "That is not the game I

invented." So, you great "hotshots," go get yourselves a new name for your game, but don't call it basketball.

WILLIAM J. SMITH
Green Bay

THE DERBY

Sir:

That was an outstanding photo of Seattle Slew and the other Derby leaders on the cover of your May 16 issue. Neil Lofer certainly captured the prestige and beauty of the Kentucky Derby, and showed us what remarkable animals racehorses are.

DAVID C. JACKSON
Mountain Lakes, N.J.

Sir:

Thank you, Mickey and Karen Taylor, for naming your horse Seattle Slew, thereby giving thousands of identity-starved sports fans in the Pacific Northwest a little cheer this spring. We yelped with delight and danced on our chairs as your horse won the Derby, while among the good folk in Florida slough (slew) country, news of the victory probably elicited a huge yawn.

I shudder to think how dull things would have been out here if, on naming your colt, you had switched your priorities and named it Tallahassee Ben.

TOM DUNCAN
Seattle

INDY

Sir:

After hearing the ebullient voice of Tony Hulman announce, "Gentlemen, start your engines," one cannot help but realize that the Indy 500 (Countdown to a Pot of Gold, May 16) is truly the greatest spectacle in all of sport.

PETER D. KIRLES
Indianapolis

Sir:

Let's Make a Deal isn't the best of greed in America—the Indianapolis 500 is.

DEAN LENKENSCHOTER
Greenwood, Ind.

Sir:

Having just moved from Indianapolis after living there for eight years, I find it extremely difficult to comprehend some of the things John Cole says in *An Overlander Looks In* (May 16). Here is a man who arrives a few days before the race and wants us to believe that if it weren't for the race Indianapolis would not exist. I wonder if he would find the same thing true if he visited Pasadena, New Orleans or Rio de Janeiro during their respective festivals.

Perhaps next time, Cole should come to Indy in September and visit the art museum, Market Square Arena or Convention Center.

continued

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15TH HOLE continued

Indianapolis does not exist solely for the 500
TERRY L. PAXTON
Bethel, Conn

Sir,
Perhaps Mr. Cole's personal tastes led him to explore such Indianapolis "landmarks" as the Red Garter Lounge, the 38th Street Bar and the Queen Bee massage parlor. However, I assure your readers that if visitors to Indianapolis wish to follow an itinerary at a slightly higher level, this city has much to offer them—not just in May and for more than a few days.

DAVID H. MILLS
Indianapolis

BIRDS OF PREY

Sir,
Your article on raptors (*Fighting Back and Claw*, May 16) was a good idea until it turned into an apology for falconry. Donald Dale Jackson deplores gyrfalcons in a box at Heathrow Airport, but a gyrfalcon in the hands of his friends in Utah is somehow different.

Sure, the falcon's stoop is a spine-tingling sight. But capturing raptors so that some may witness this show on command can only hasten the day when none will see it.

JULIAN SELLERS
Salt Lake City

NFL DRAFT

Sir,
I hope agent Mike Trope (*This Agent's No Secret*, May 16) puts more thought into his work than he does into his expansiveness. He may be Ricky Bell's agent, but his \$20 gift to the wino is an even-money bet to kill the recipient, if he's been living on wine at a quarter a shot.

P. J. ERICKSON
Phoenix, Ariz.

WHITE HOPELESS

Sir,
Diane Bobick received \$250,000 for 58 seconds of "participation" in his fight against Ken Norton (*Make Him 38 and One*, May 23).

Let's see, does that mean he's worth \$15,516,000 an hour to somebody else, besides his mother?

MICHAEL T. ECK
P. J. RUSH
Cincinnati

P.S. Please feature the Dodgers in a cover story. We need help!

HIGH CLIMBER

Sir,
While hitchhiking through the Owens Valley near Bishop, I was given a ride by a man on his way back to Berkeley—my destination, also. He had just purchased the lime-model station wagon he was driving and in the back was a bicycle. As it turned out, he had ridden his bicycle from Berkeley over the Tioga Pass (elevation, 9,941 feet) and into the tiny town of Independence specifically to buy the car from an elderly couple he had known for some years. As we talked, he amazed me with

his knowledge and love of the Sierra country. It was like having my own personal guide. He told me of the many photographs he had taken of the valley and mountains we were traveling through and how, after several years in the auto-parts business, he made wilderness photography his means of support for himself and his family. Finally, he told me of his participation in an attempt to climb K2.

I was so thoroughly entertained by his accomplishments and his philosophies that when he stopped in front of the door of my destination I was both surprised and disappointed that my trip had ended so quickly. I have retold my story hundreds of times to dubious listeners. Thank you for providing a delightful verification. See, I really did get a ride with Galen Rowell (*The High Road to Failure*, May 2).

ELDRIDGE COMPTON
Las Vegas

FORTUNA'S LOT

Sir,
Thank you for your May 16 SCORECARD story (even though it was not exactly complimentary) on the Fortuna High School baseball team.

But—right school, wrong city; right family, wrong brother.

Fortuna High School is in Fortuna, Calif. (pop. 4,390), not Eureka, Calif. (pop. 25,200). We are just little neighbors, but are real proud of all our athletes.

And it was Dennis Gibbs, not Dan, who was the pitcher.

We haven't improved much since the game you wrote about. We are now 4-17 but we love them.

M. H. NEITZEL
Fortuna, Calif.

SKIPPER TED

Sir,
I am watching an Atlanta Braves-Pittsburgh Pirates game the day after Ted Turner made his debut as a manager and the same day he was benched by NL President Chub Feeney (*Benched from the Bench*, May 23). I am listening to Turner's comments on why he chose to manage (to learn baseball first-hand—and who would not do the same if he had the opportunity?), his attitude toward baseball in general and the Braves in particular (it's a game and it's supposed to be fun), and his enthusiasm. I can only say that, although I don't know if I'm a Braves' fan, I am definitely a Ted Turner fan.

It seems to me that he is only trying to put excitement into a game many claim is boring. This man can't be bad for baseball, only for the stuffed shirts who run the game with their eyes closed.

DIPNA SAKA
Tallahassee, Fla.

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The Indianapolis 500 is perhaps the ultimate event for those who indulge in retrospect. Every crash and spin and daring deed reminds both old-timers and comparative newcomers alike of crashes and spins and daring deeds of the past, and if you were to take 15 Indy 500 observers and ask them "what is the most spectacular thing you ever saw happen in Turn Four or the Front Straightaway or the Pits," you would get 15 different answers.

I consulted a panel of experts and asked their opinion of the most exciting and unusual moments at each given spot on the track. The panel consisted of Bloemker, Bob Laycock and John Fugate of the Speedway Public Relations Staff, Ray Marquette and Donald Davidson of USAC and Dick Ralstin of Goodyear. And their answers were:

Turn One: There seems to be more sentimentality connected with this turn. For instance, 1956 when Paul Russo started eighth in the red and cream Novi, the car everybody loved, and was in first place by the end of 9 laps. Holding the lead through the 20th lap, he roared down the front straightaway and, just as he got to Turn

Paul Russo, 1956 race

One, he blew a tire and ran into the wall. The crash could be heard blocks away. He climbed out unhurt, but demolished the Novi.

Or perhaps the most exciting moment for many was 1967, watching Parnelli Jones, after starting in sixth place in the turbine car, pull



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out wide as the starter dropped the green flag, and stand on it. Parnelli went by everyone as if they had stopped, and when he got to Turn One he was up higher in the groove than anybody had ever been. But he was also so far ahead that he simply tucked it in and drove right down through the turn, stretching out his lead until the 196th lap when he broke a bearing and had to retire. But Jones' fans will never forget the sight of their hero sailing through Turn One.



Turn Two: There would have been many arguments about this one until 1975 when Tom Sneva got sideways and began flipping as he came into Two. By the time he was halfway through the turn the car had slammed against the wall and ripped into a hundred pieces. The main section of the cockpit crashed into the wire retaining fence, leaving the rear suspension hanging there, and throwing what was left (which could have been hauled away in a Jeep) onto the track. Sneva pulled himself up out of the burning cockpit and staggered to safety. He raced a few weeks later.

Turn Three: Again most of our experts agreed on this one—the Duke Nalon crash in 1949. It also involved a Novi. Nalon had started on the

Tom Sneva's 1975 accident



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THE EQUALIZER





Duke Nalon's fiery crash in his No. 11, 1949

pole and was really moving by Lap 23. He came down the back chute and backed off for Turn Three. But at that exact moment, the rear axle let go—the car spun around backwards and hit the wall. It burst into flames and, as it slid along the wall, it left a path of fire all through Three. The entire wall was engulfed in flame. Nalon was seriously burned but finally managed to jump over the wall to safety.

Turn Four: This seems to be the turn where most people disagree because so many accidents

have happened there, many of them fatal, but we have stayed away from that grimmest side of racing. Probably the most gratifying thing to happen was in 1937 when one of the most popular drivers the Speedway ever had, Wilber Shaw, won his first of three 500s. Shaw had a comfortable lead of a lap and a half with 20 laps remaining when things began to go wrong. First, the right rear tire wore down to the white warning strip and then the oil pressure began to drop. It took him one lap to find out exactly how far second-place driver Ralph Hepburn was. "114

1937 winning driver Wilber Shaw with mechanic Jigger Johanson

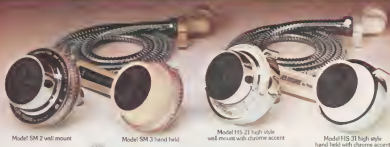




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seconds," his pit board read. He calculated that if he cut his lap speeds by six seconds a lap he could still win and not blow a tire or the engine. So he slowed down. Hepburn could see Shaw playing it cautiously and charged harder.

Eighteen laps later and with the checkered flag poised over the flagman's head, the two cars entered Turn Four. Shaw let Hepburn pull alongside. They were wheel to wheel in the middle of the turn and Shaw waited until just before they exited the turn before he gunned his cream-colored Offy. He left a surprised Hepburn far enough behind to win by a mere 2.16 seconds.

Front Straightaway: Jack Turner lays claim to being "the thriller of the front chute," although it took him three attempts to secure the dubious honor. It all began in 1961 when Turner came charging down the chute on Lap 52 to find a maze of spinning cars. Turner's Offy-powered Kurtis cracked into the wall and began flipping end over end down the chute in front of terror-stricken, jam-packed bleachers. Remarkably, he was uninjured.

In 1962 Turner got only to Lap 18 before he



Second place finisher Ralph Hepburn in 1957, the last year for riding mechanics

Jack Turner's accident on main straightaway in 1961



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Steve Kriess off out early in 1971

tangled with another group of cars, again in the front straightaway. And again pinwheeled down the track. This time he fractured his pelvis and broke his toe.

The final chapter came a year later in practice when Turner did it again. This was the most spectacular of all. Movies show that he flipped the car nine times in the north end of the main straight. He suffered burns and a crushed vertebra and retired from racing.

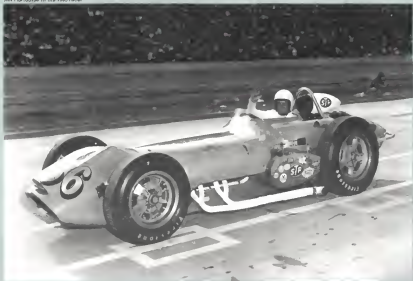
Back Straightaway: This is another area of great disagreement, but experts agree that certainly one of the most disappointing events happened there in 1963. There was never a car more popular than the Novi. The combination of hard luck and the crowd-pleasing roar of the mighty V-8 engine made it everybody's favorite.

And there wasn't a more popular driver than Jim Hurtubise. So, when Hurtubise qualified the Novi in the middle of the front row—second place—the crowd loved it. And when he told Parnelli Jones, who was on the pole, "You've never been passed until you've been passed by a Novi," he was an instant legend.

From the green flag on, Hurtubise chased Parnelli. When he caught him they were going into Turn Two and, as they exited, Hurtubise swung wide and roared past Parnelli and into the lead on the back chute. The crowd went wild. But by the end of the back chute, they had sat down again because the Novi coughed and slowed down. Oil problems forced it out of the race with 98 laps to go.

Pits: Probably more races have been won and

Jim Hurtubise in his 1963 racer



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Parnelli Jones in 1967 when he finished sixth



1966 fourth place finisher Gordon Johncock



lost in the pits than anywhere else and we didn't even try to select the single most exciting event. Instead, here are some of the more spectacular and interesting ones:

Paul Russo's crash in Turn One in 1956 started a chain reaction of crashes into the pits that involved Sam Hanks, Keith Andrews, Johnny Thomson and Al Herman as the cars plowed into the pit wall.

Jim McElreath and Jim Rathmann repeated the wild spinning routine many years later and still finished sixth and tenth. Scores of others had done it before, but none had ever retained their race positions.

Once Parnelli Jones, with no brakes at all, had to bounce off the pit wall and was stopped by new tires that had been set out to make a quick change.

The Pace Car crash into the grandstand of photographers in 1971 was one of the most unfortunate, and the most dramatic was the 1952 Troy Ruttman episode. Ruttman's car caught fire in the pits. Not only did his crew put the blazing fire out, but Ruttman went on to win the race.



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ROLEX



Start of race, 1948

Two of the most unusual incidents involve containers from which the drivers drank water. The first was in 1935 when Wilbur Shaw was handed a quart milk bottle full of water. After he and his riding mechanic had drunk from it, Shaw turned to hand it to a pit crewman, but they had all retreated behind the low wall. Shaw was afraid to throw the bottle because it might break on the track and cause an accident. And he didn't want to hit anybody in the pits with it, so he frantically tried to get someone to take it from him. The time it all took is said to have

cost him the race.

The reverse happened to A. J. Foyt in 1961. The then youthful charger came into the pits for what was to be his final stop during the race. A crew member handed him a paper cup of water and when he was finished he threw it out of the car and roared back on the track. The crew member turned to pick up the cup and saw that it had landed on the pit wall, sitting perfectly upright. "That's a good luck sign," he said. Foyt went on to win his first Indy 500.

By William Neely

1. Carl Fisher, the man responsible for building the track in 1909 insisted on a 500-mile race in spite of suggestions from associates for 24 hours or 1000 miles. His thinking: "We have to get the crowd in and out while it's still daylight and 500 miles is the most we can run end still do it." So 500 miles it is.

2. At that time Indianapolis was the fourth largest producer of automobiles in the country, but there were no testing facilities. Fisher, an industrialist himself, hoped to raise the city's position to #1. Thus, the track. Actually, by 1913 Indianapolis did become second only to Detroit.

3. Peter DePaulo averaged 101.13 mph in 1925 with relief driver Norman Batten. In fact, the first four finishers broke the previous year's record of

98.23. DePaulo also was the first to cover the 500 miles in under five hours, more than 1½ hours faster than the first race 14 years before.

4. It took Relf Mulford 8 hours and 53 minutes to finish tenth in 1912.

5. There are four 3-time winners: Louis Meyer, Wilbur Shaw, Mauri Rose and A.J. Foyt.

6. Ray Harroun in 1911 started 28th in a field of 40 cars. Incidentally, runner-up Relf Mulford started 29th.

7. A. (e) \$12,000 to Dario Resta in 1916 when he drove his Peugeot to victory over a small field of 21 in the shortened 300-mile race.

(b) \$9.61 to Len Ormsby, who finished last in 1912.

7. B. (a) The oldest winner was Sam Hanks in 1957. He was six weeks short

of his 43rd birthday.

(b) The youngest winner was Troy Ruttman in 1952. He had just had his 22nd birthday in March.

8. The number was finally determined in the '30s by the old AAA sanctioning body on a formula of one car for every 400 feet of track. If you divide 400 feet into 2½ miles, you come up with 33. The largest field, by the way, was 42 in 1933 and the smallest was 21 in 1916.

9. Jules Goux, a Frenchman, in 1913. He drank six pints of champagne during his pit stops and won the race. He might also hold the record for the first hang-over during a 500.

10. Mario Andretti in 1969. Andretti was born in Trieste, Italy on February 28, 1940.

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